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BUSINESS

DECEMBER 1952

GENERAL MAGAZINE FOR BUSINESSMEN



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WHEN catastrophe has struck—hurricane, tornado, earthquake, explosion—one of the first vehicles to roll is the glass truck. The windows of the community must be replaced so that property may be protected and business can continue.

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FOR QUALITY GLASS,  
see your L-O-F Distributor or Dealer . . . .

*An Independent Business*





# nation's business

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## ABOUT THIS ISSUE

SOME 15 miles down the valley from El Paso, Texas, the *Mision de la Purisima* serves the village of Socorro. For more than two and a half centuries worshipers have attended services there.

TOM LEA painted the old church by moonlight—people coming to attend Christmas



Mass at midnight. Candlelight glows from within and starlight flickers overhead—just the way the mission has looked for the past 268 Christmases.

The church was built about three years after Spanish refugees and two small groups of Indians, members of the Tigua and Piro tribes, fled the province of Nuevo Mexico where hostile Pueblo Indians had revolted against Spanish rule. The fleeing Spaniards went to Juarez, across the Rio Grande from what later became El Paso.

The Indians settled on the north shore. Ysleta Mission was then established for the Tiguas and Socorro was established for the Piros. First called *Nuestra Senora del Socorro*, the church was named after the Piro mission in the territory just abandoned.

The actual date the building was erected is not known. It is thought to be 1683. Floods have damaged the structure, but it appears today almost as it has from the beginning.



Mr. Lea is distinguished for writing as well as art. His interest in the Socorro Mission started while he was writing a novel called "The Wonderful Country." The old church figures in the book, though in a small way and under a different name.

IT SEEMS safe to say that not one American community can boast all the good roads it needs. The U. S. has 3,300,000 miles of public roadway. Experts say as much as two thirds should be fixed now.

The problem grows worse each year. At the end of this year 53,-000,000 vehicles will be using America's highways, an increase of 22,500,000 in seven years.

The American public wants good roads and has proved willing to pay

# THE *Key* TO BETTER CONSTRUCTION IS *CONCRETE*



**M**AKING and keeping America strong means building (1) factories for defense production; (2) other essential structures such as warehouses, barracks, hangars, hospitals and schools; (3) airports, roads and streets; (4) comfortable homes; (5) farm improvements for increasing food supplies and storing them safely. The key to better construction for all these is concrete. Concrete structures have maximum resistance to storms, quakes, decay, termites, rats and fire; they can be beautiful, durable community assets. Concrete paving gives such long, **low-annual-cost** service that less paving money is dissipated in maintenance, leaving more available for new pavements. To open the door to better building use concrete. Concrete is the key to durable, firesafe, **low-annual-cost** construction.

## PORTLAND CEMENT ASSOCIATION

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A national organization to improve and extend the uses of portland cement and concrete . . . through scientific research and engineering field work

for them. **BOOTON HERNDON** writes about this important topic in "The Roads We Could Have Bought."

**LEO WOLMAN** discusses unionism in "How Great Are Labor's Powers?" No freshman to this subject, Mr. Wolman is the author of "Planning and Control of Public Works," "Growth of American Trade Unions, 1880-1923," "Ebb and Flow in Trade Unionism," "Industry-Wide Bargaining," and numerous articles.



KAIDEN-KAZANJIAN

In addition, he co-authored "Business Cycles and Unemployment," "Recent Economic Changes," "Recent Social Trends," and "The State of Society."

Mr. Wolman is a professor of economics at Columbia University.

**OFTEN** before firemen have a blaze under control a representative of the Underwriters Salvage Com-



pany is on the job trying to recover as much of the loss as possible. Fast action by these men sometimes reduces losses to half.

The business of fire salvage is increasing. It has been found through experience that more of the loss can be recovered than you might guess.

How this is done is told by **JOHN W. ABERLE** in "New Help for Victims of Disaster." The author is a teacher of marketing at San Jose State College in San Jose, Calif.

The importance of salvage is told by the vast worth of property lost each year. For 1952 property loss will reach a new high. The estimate is \$772,952,000. This brings to \$5,280,918,000 the total loss since the beginning of 1945.

**WILLIAM F. McDERMOTT**, the author of "The Inventin' Dillon Boys," was born in 1888 in Kansas, of prairie schooner ancestry. Winfield was his home. Nellie, the family mare, was his best friend. The horse served the family well for 15 years. She provided transportation to and from the swimmin' hole, took Bill McDermott and his brother to Uncle





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IN EVERY MAN'S OFFICE!**

**Florists' Telegraph Delivery Association**  
Headquarters: Detroit, Michigan

Oscar's farm, and "was a faithful friend in our juvenile horse-and-buggy courtships."

Nellie cost \$25. For upkeep, a lump of sugar and love, she covered some 7,000 miles a year. In her spare time she raised a colt a year, each of which brought more than the original investment; and a few years ago the author got \$300 for a magazine piece written about her.

After Southwestern College, young McDermott joined the staff of the Winfield Courier, moved later to the Kansas City Star, and next to the Chicago Daily News. After he was 40, he began in earnest writing for magazines; now, at 64, he has had about 500 articles published.

MAYBE you've wanted to drop a light bulb out of a hotel window to explode behind some unexpected person. Possibly it is your secret desire to arrest a policeman for speeding or double parking. Have you ever wondered why you feel like doing silly things?

The inner compulsion that causes people to want to do these things is the same force that causes them to speed past the car in front, or to keep the one behind from passing. Some see a wet paint sign and have to feel.

Giving in to these desires can get you into trouble. The advice of **GREER WILLIAMS** is: "Don't Obey That Impulse!"

Mr. Williams, a science writer with an uncontrollable impulse to pull his chin while being photographed, wanted to know what prompts people to do the silly things they do, so he consulted the experts.

The author began writing 26 years ago when he joined, on impulse, the staff of the local weekly newspaper in Birmingham, Mich. He now lives in Chicago.

The illustrations for Mr. Williams' article were provided by **CHARLES ADDAMS**. Mr. Addams attended Colgate University and the University of Pennsylvania, then went to art school. He lives and works in a New York studio. He is a fancier of sport cars, owns 13 inlaid crossbows and a suit of armor—of all things.



## ► FINAL QUARTER boom roars along—

Merchants await deliveries on late, large reorders to meet what promises to be the highest volume Christmas business so far.

Personal income flow is the greatest in the nation's history. Unemployment reaches new lows.

All this—or something near it—was expected. Why? Because defense expenditures were scheduled to rise steadily, adding to payrolls, purchasing power, demand, as the year went along.

The boom's here. But that cause isn't.

Defense daily spending rate—for military services and aid programs—was the lowest in October for any month since last March, with one exception.

That's August, when security spending tumbled by \$1,000,000,000—nearly 25 per cent—for reasons not yet found.

October's total spending for defense was slightly above September's \$4,318,-500,000.

But October had 23 business days—two more than September. Let's see what that means:

In September actual cash payments for security averaged \$205,000,000 per business day.

In October these payments averaged \$190,000,000—a 7.4 per cent drop.

What's happened to the "steady rise" plans? They appear to have been upset by another (unannounced) stretch-out.

"The military boys are slowing things down more than they're willing to admit." That's explanation found at Administration's top level.

Reasoning: Pentagon is avoiding inventory build-up of current models, awaiting newer developments.

That would mean there's a lower production peak coming, that the rise will be longer, smoother, create less of a tapering-off problem.

Another theory: That defense producers are operating in part on bank loans, will use government payments to pay these off.

Whatever the cause—business booms without the full pressure expected from security spending.

► THOUSANDS OF BILLS head for the hopper—but these are issues that will hold attention of new Congress, affect you, your business:

**Taxes**—This will be one of coming session's biggest issues. Possible result: No action. That would bring tax cuts totaling about \$5,000,000,000 in fiscal year starting next July 1, twice that much in year following.

For no action would mean that post-Korea rate increases, excess profits tax would die.

Here's expiration schedule: Excess profits, next June 30. Rate increases applied by Revenue Act of 1951, March 31, 1954, for corporations; December 31, 1953, for individuals. Excise tax increases, March 31, 1954.

Pressure to continue a lesser rate increase over pre-Korea levels may result from budget-balancing effort.

Possible alternate: Federal sales tax.

**Wage, price controls**—These probably will be allowed to die when law extending them expires April 30.

Big strike, change in defense requirements, business conditions, could mean continuation or stand-by setup.

**Government economy**—It's President Truman's budget—his staff had it 99 per cent prepared before the election—so you can expect hard-swinging attitude toward it.

**Taft-Hartley Act**—May not be revised. If it is there will be a score or more of minor changes, refinements. Senator Taft agreed to most of them in 1949. None will shift basic policy: To guarantee freedom for working man, rather than for labor organizations.

**Industrywide bargaining**—A battle is coming up. Businessmen, some business organizations will attack it as monopolistic practice.

Unions will fight back, all-out. Opponents of industrywide bargaining may try to have it prohibited in Taft-Hartley Act. Or to have unions made subject to antitrust laws. Or both.

**Social security**—Entire program comes up for review. That's because minor point expires June 30, requires congressional action.

One possibility: Shift of old-age assistance from federal grant form to old-age and survivors' insurance payment pool.

**Foreign trade**—Reciprocal trade agreements will be extended (present program expires June 30).

**Foreign aid**—Policy of aiding allies



won't change. But there will be new accent on economy, efficiency.

► WILL NEW SENATE kill bad legislation?

Don't rely on that. Republican, conservative Senate doesn't mean you can relax, leave it up to George.

Means only that you—as a businessman—will have a more receptive, understanding audience to hear your slant on the issues.

But you still had better get your slant across. It's a 100 to 1 bet that those who take an opposite position will get theirs thoroughly presented.

For instance: Traditionally, Senate's the big spender. House cuts. Senate restores.

Steam still will build up behind issues that spell big spending. Public power, big Government, social security expansion—these and other issues will have active, vocal proponents.

► THERE'S GROWING—and real—preoccupation of business executives on tax matters.

It's at the expense of other management duties. And why not? The right tax policies, interpretations may be far more important than other things—new business, for example.

Savings of \$100,000 in taxes may be as valuable to the company as \$11,500,000 in new business. Let's see how that works out:

Suppose company makes five per cent on sales, before taxes. On \$11,500,000 of sales the pretax profit would be \$550,000. But with excess profits tax Government takes away 82 per cent of it. So company's net gain is about \$100,000.

Salesmen who could guarantee \$11,500,000 in new business would get open-armed welcome.

But he's no more important on net value basis than tax expert who can shave \$100,000 off the tax bill.

The figures vary—some firms make more than five per cent on sales, some less. But \$100,000 in tax savings is entirely possible.

That's only 1/100 of 1 per cent of \$1,000,000,000—and two U. S. firms pay taxes in that neighborhood, General Motors and Standard Oil of New Jersey.

And thousands of firms pay \$100,000. Tax savings mean even more to them than

they do to the larger companies.

So the role of tax men rises in relative importance.

► WHY ARE PRICES so high? Just where does the consumer's dollar go?

Federal Trade Commission is asking these questions, on authority of a White House directive.

Hearings may open this month. But FTC members could get a big part of the answer from another branch of the Government—Internal Revenue Bureau.

Personal taxes take nearly 3½ times as much of the consumer's dollar as they did at 1938-41 levels.

Commerce Department figures show the consumer is spending a little less for services and nondurable goods, slightly more (in proportion to total income) for new homes, durable goods. His net financial assets are increasing.

Is too much of the consumer's dollar going into profits? Not according to the record.

In 1929 profits of all corporate business after taxes were 6.1 per cent of sales. Last year this figure was down to 3.8 per cent.

In 1929 taxes were one per cent of sales for all corporate business. Last year taxes accounted for five per cent of the sales dollar.

► ARE YOU TELLING your tax story to your customers, employees, community?

Cigarette people tried telling it, came up with impressive results.

Survey prompted story-telling campaign. It showed that nearly half U. S. smokers thought federal tax on cigarettes should be raised, if Government needed more revenue.

Only 9 per cent knew federal tax already was 8 cents a pack (most states add another 2 or 3 cents).

Public's notion of how much Government collects in cigarette taxes was less than 1 per cent of actual amount.

Advertising expenditures were considered extravagant (a tobacco salesman guessed it at 5 cents a pack). It's 2/5 of a cent a pack.

After six weeks' campaign to get the facts across to the public, second survey showed that—

Three times as many people knew federal tax level. Only one third thought



# washington letter

more taxes should be put on cigarettes. Tobacco people plan further public education.

Note: Cigarette makers must keep a stock of tobacco stamps on hand, apply them before product leaves factory.

Average stamp inventory last year was \$140,000,000. Industry pays about \$4,000,000 interest a year to finance its paid-in-advance taxes.

► IT'S THE TOP layer of demand that sets prices.

That's why Department of Agriculture's farm income forecast for '53 may turn out to be overoptimistic.

Says the Department: Net farm income in '53 probably will be within 3 per cent of this year's estimated \$14,200,000,000.

Gross, it adds, will be about \$37,600,000,000—about 2 per cent over '52.

The difference: Higher volume will make up for slightly lower prices, higher operating costs.

It's that "more volume" that may upset the applecart.

Five per cent oversupply of wheat, for example, would be likely to bring a larger percentage cut in price. Not only on the oversupply—but on all wheat.

Even if Department's forecast proves to be exactly on target, farmers will be cautious, a bit harder to sell, in '53.

They face a pay cut. Which means it will take more sales effort even to equal this year's sales in farm areas.

► WHAT ARE the hourly wages earned by farmers?

Chicago district of Federal Reserve Bank comes up with these figures on commercial family-operated farms in the Corn Belt.

Return per hour to the operator and family labor on hog and beef fattening farms in 1951 was \$2.25. That's tops.

Cash grain farmers made \$2.20 an hour. Hog and beef raising (including breeding and finishing) paid at rate of \$1.29.

Hog and dairy combination operations brought in \$1.24 an hour.

At the bottom of the list came Wisconsin dairy farms, studied separately from Corn Belt area.

Those in eastern Wisconsin paid 81 cents an hour. In the western part of the state, 76 cents.

► ARE THESE uncertain times?

They seem to be. Everyone concedes that they are.

But look at the Dow-Jones industrial average.

For the past 15 months (to November) their range has been from 256 to 280—which is unusually level.

During that time industry generally has been beset with strikes, materials uncertainties and price fluctuations, expansion problems.

Yet management has been able to maintain one of its most stable periods of earning power.

Hidden factor: Volume has been increasing steadily during that period—in most industries—while earnings have been about level.

So, relatively, earnings have been falling. Which indicates that cutback would cut net to below pre-expansion levels.

► BRIEFS: Government has given priorities to 38 countries for steel making and finishing equipment in past year. . . . Public transit wage costs have jumped 110 per cent in 10 years, cost and repair of vehicles, 95 per cent. . . . Bureau of Mines is producing 150,000,000 cubic feet of helium annually, selling about 30 per cent of it to industry. Biggest user: Navy. . . . Expansion of defense-connected plant is more than half completed—fact that would enable quick increase in defense production if it's needed. . . . Raw materials countries complain about sharp drop in commodity prices—but they're still above pre-Korea levels. . . . President Robert E. Gross of Lockheed reports that three weeks' strike cost the services 90 airplanes, the company 9 per cent of its '52 sales and undetermined profits, the employees \$4,780,000 in wages. . . . Pilots of British Comets (jet airliners) complain they find clouds higher than forecast, often have to detour around storms 40,000 feet above the earth. . . . Government seeks reasonable basis for having heavy equipment built into industrial plants so they may be added to defense stand-by list. . . . Businessmen find delay between letter of intent and firm contract as long as 18 months. Meanwhile the job involved may be done.

# Don't Walk... **TALK!**



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## Is Alaska cold?

SOMEBODY was saying he had never been to Alaska and didn't intend to go there. He said he preferred the tropics. He said Alaska left him cold. This is one sensation my wife and I didn't have, even though we made our trip as fall was impending. What stuck in our minds was the warmth of the human beings whom we met in Alaska, the warmth of the colors when the birch and aspen turned momentarily into rainbows against the deep green of the spruce, the glow of grasses, the radiance of sunrises, even a peculiar warm blue in some glacial ice. There were sunsets, too. And, if one is of a prosaic turn of mind and loves his comforts, there was the warmth of competent steam heating systems in all but one of the hotels where we stayed and in houses we were fortunate enough to visit. No, we didn't think Alaska cold, even when people in Fairbanks told of days when the thermometer went to 65 and more, Fahrenheit, below zero. You just put on enough clothing to keep warm.

## A land of variety

STATISTICALLY, most of Alaska shows up chillier in winter than most of the United States. But there are several Alaskas. In December (I cite Edward A. Herron's "Alaska: Land of Tomorrow") the average mean temperature in Juneau is 30.6 above zero, in Anchorage 12.3 above zero, in Fairbanks 7.4 below zero. By comparison with Juneau, St. Paul, with 19.4 above zero, is a bit chilly. New York, with 34.2 above zero, is not really sultry. But you have to expect variety in a land more than twice the size of Texas; you have to expect it and you get it.

## By steamer and rail, too

TRAIN and ship travel are real to me when air travel, however excit-

ing, comfortable and convenient (this is to ward off letters of protest from the aviation industry, which I respect and esteem), is not. Maybe I was born too soon. Yes, I know I was—I know it every morning when I get up. But we did love the steamship *Alaska*, every plank and rivet of her and all her crew; we loved the narrow-gauge White Pass and Yukon Route, which carried prospectors and earned its way long before it was completed; we loved the beautiful blue and gold cars of the Alaska Railroad. The White Pass still has engines that chug—three of them going up the grade—whereas the Alaska



Railroad uses diesels. But we weren't disposed to be fault-finding. They were, and are, real railroads, and they have lined their rights of way with scenery we never got tired of.

## Up the Inside Passage

STEAMING up the Inside Passage from Seattle to Juneau we marveled at the skill and knowledge of the pilots. We still marveled when Captain Burns of the *Alaska* let us look at the radar instrument as we were going through the Seymour Narrows. The image unwinds like a map. We felt safe, as indeed we were. A few days later the whole coast, from Seattle northward, was grieving over the loss of another ship—fortunately without the sacrifice of lives. I saw the *Princess Kathleen*, as she lay on the rocks north of Juneau. Five minutes after I turned away she slid off into deep water; by that narrow margin I missed a dramatic and touching spectacle. But I believe we would go that way again by ship if we had the chance. The one rare accident emphasizes all the more the



tale, too commonplace to get on to the front pages, of the ships that come safely to port.

### Marine eating and drinking

THE ONLY trouble with traveling on a ship is the temptation to eat too much. On the *Alaska* we had breakfast at 8, lunch at 12:15, dinner at 5:15 and a late snack (and there is a lot in a snack if you lay into it properly) at 10. I was confirmed in a law of nature I have discovered: the less you exercise the more you eat. There was also a bar for those interested in such things. Passing by its door one day I heard a character explaining



that he was not a drinking man, but you couldn't be too careful. Suppose, he said, the ship were carrying a set of snakes for a zoo or somebody. And suppose, he went on, one got loose. It was his policy in life to be ready for emergencies, and he intended to be ready for that one. I judged he was succeeding.

### Speaking of stories—

GAIL L. BUDD, assistant to the general manager of the White Pass and Yukon Route, rode with us from Skagway to Bennett, where we had lunch. Mr. Budd knew all there was to know about the old days and the new along that line. He had stories, too. He said a congressman came up there once on a junket and was shown the Lynn Canal, the natural body of water at the head of which lies Skagway. The congressman knew that Alaskans had no say in national elections but he wanted to make a good impression, anyhow. "Ah, yes," he said, "I voted for that—ah—appropriation."

Then there was the tourist who asked the conductor where all the rocks came from. The conductor said they had been brought there by glaciers. The tourist thought this over. Then he said, "But where are the glaciers?" The conductor stuck his head back into the car before slamming the door. "Gone back for more rocks," he replied.

### The housing problem

WHEN ALASKA becomes a state, wise babies who aspire to be President will go there to be born; there

# Temperature Control Helps the Housewife



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...or to better bathe the baby

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## "JUST A MINUTE—WHILE WE MOVE 1,226,807 TONS—FOR YOU"

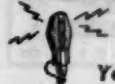
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are still plenty of log cabins, built for the excellent reasons that logs are inexpensive and keep out the cold. Alaskans do not live in igloos. They prefer houses because houses are cooler in summer. If you wish to build a house, so I'd judge, all you have to do is to stand on the shores of the Inside Passage and other waterways and haul out logs as they drift by. Of course you'd have to have some nails and things. There is also a housing shortage, which makes Alaska as modern and civilized as some other parts of the world. But there is no shortage of real estate, unless one wants it near a town or for nothing.

### Ice from 18,000 B.C.

WE COLLECTED a few glaciers during our Alaskan trip but did not bring any home. For one thing, they were too big and for another they had a tendency to melt. The Mendenhall, outside Juneau, has melted perceptibly during the past few years. Or else it has been chipped back by persons from Juneau who find the ice ideal for cooling drinks. We had some Mendenhall ice in a soothing beverage served to us by a generous host. When we fell to guessing how old this ice was one of us suggested 200 to 300 years, but a scientist downtown laughed at the thought. He said ten or 20,000 years might be closer to the mark; the ice might have taken all that time, while the cave man came and went and civilizations rose and fell, to form at the top of the glacier and loaf down to where we could pick it out of the lake at the foot. Finally the snows of perhaps 18,000 B. C. and a thirsty delegation from Connecticut arrived at a meeting of the ways—a pleasant one as far as we were concerned.

### Glacier at close hand

ANOTHER good glacier was the Portage, near Anchorage, where some of the bluest blue ice can be found. We bumped out to see this



one in a truck which could do anything but climb Mount McKinley and might even have done that if it had tried. The Portage moves fast, for a glacier, and its pool is full of lumps of ice as big as freight cars. I climbed out on one and had my picture taken—it isn't often

that a glacier has a chance to be in a picture with me. Shortly after I came ashore the slab I was standing on broke off, in about four feet of water. I was honestly glad this hadn't happened sooner. Some glaciers, seen from the air, look like smooth highways. I am told by those who have explored them that this is not the case.

### The price of progress

THE SADDEST comment on Alaskan progress came from the driver of a sight-seeing bus. He had lived and labored in Alaska for many years. "You have to lock up your place in the Territory now, when you leave it," he said. "You can't leave the door open like you used to."

### Seeing Mt. McKinley

WE GOT UP at 2 a.m., at the Mount McKinley Park Hotel, to go out in a bus to a place where we could see the mountain. It is a retiring sort of elevation, in spite of being nearly four miles tall, and often it veils itself in fog or cloud. At first I wasn't glad to be up that early, but by seven I was almost warm again and not too sleepy, and the



mountain was beautiful and clear. I thought I could see a route up it, but I contented myself with tracing this with my eye; we were running on a rather tight schedule and I hadn't brought my rubbers. I think I'll know Mount McKinley if I ever see it again. I'm proud to know it. Next day some other guests at the hotel got up at 3 a.m. to make the trip. They didn't see anything but rain, followed at the higher levels by snow. We were sorry for them.

But would we have given them clear weather at the cost of rainy weather for ourselves? I'm afraid not.

### Tots and tittles

ONE NOTICES a lot of little things when one goes on a journey—things that don't mean much but linger in the memory. For instance: we watched whales playing around south of Queen Charlotte Strait and wondered whether whales have as much fun as human

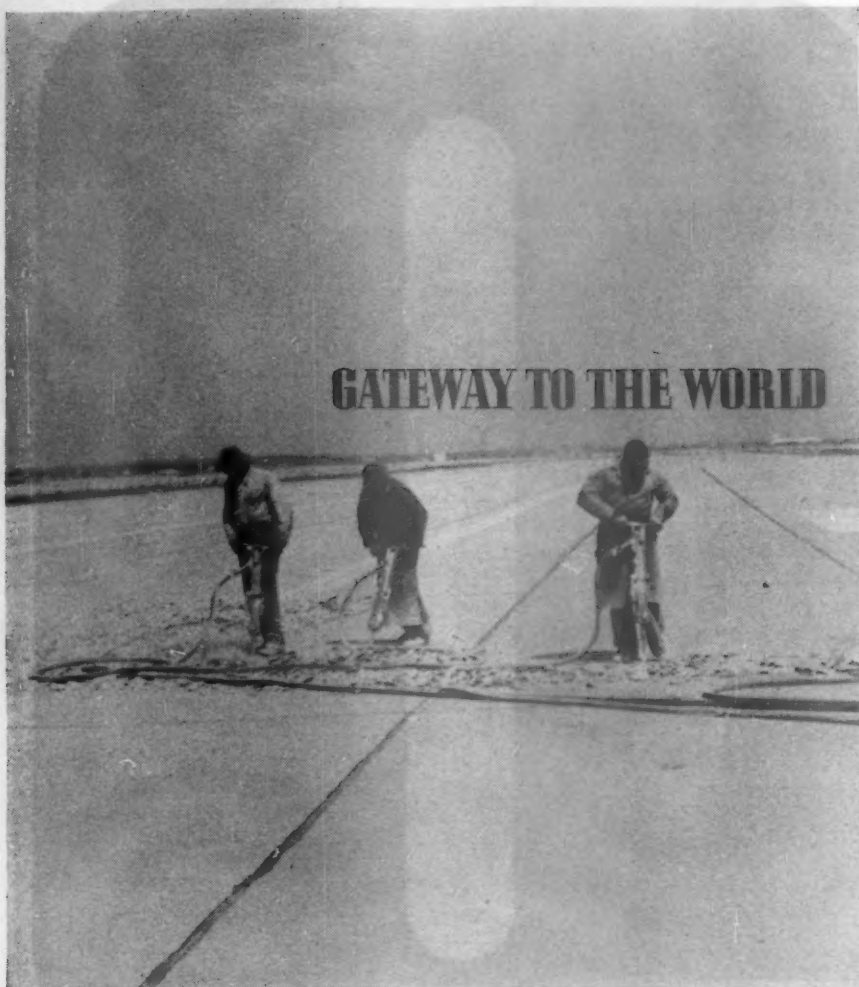


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beings, or less fun, or more fun. . . . The man who drove the taxi for us in Skagway was also the mayor. . . . The Pack Train Bar in Skagway is fixed up to look tough and one expects the shooting to start at any minute, but actually there is more real politeness there than in any Hotel Splendide. . . . A smiling little Eskimo girl, in a fur-lined parka, in charge of the hostess on the plane between Whitehorse and Fairbanks, looked sweet and out of another world. But I thought she would have chewed bubble gum if she'd had any. . . . I'm not sure that real miners in Alaska grow beards but I'm pretty sure that half of the young men who spend a few weeks there do grow beards, in order to look like miners. If I were one of those young men I'd keep away from the mattress factories. . . . At one station on the Alaska Railway we saw some Quonset huts with dormer windows and lace curtains, looking very quaint and tidy. . . . On the White Pass and Yukon, as on the Alaska Railway, you don't see freight cars from other railroads, as you do in the States; they couldn't get them there, except by sea. . . . Alaska is not yet littered



with beer tins. But this will come. Progress will not be delayed forever. . . . The coldest-looking scenery I saw on this trip was not in Alaska; it was the upper surface of some heavy white clouds, shaped like the top of a glacier but much cleaner, as seen from an airplane hustling eastward above Montana. It gets cold on the ground in Montana in the winter, too, I was told.

## And a Merry Christmas!

AND IN ALASKA, as here, it will soon be Christmas, and with it the flow of good will that somehow goes with the freedom of the free countries. I think there is probably more of this in Alaska—much more—than there is across the Bering Sea and Strait. Or, rather, people feel more free to express it. For the real brotherhood of man is not enforced by laws or systems, though oft-times it may be held in check by them.

But let us not talk politics or international problems on Christmas Day. Let us give what gifts we can, and above all the great gift of friendliness.



# Trends

## OF NATION'S BUSINESS



BY FELIX MORLEY

**W**ITH a new President about to assume office, and a new Congress preparing to convene next month, an issue which received surprisingly little attention in the election campaign will be brought sharply to the fore. It is the extent to which the President of the United States is entitled to legislate, under what is called "treaty law," without obtaining the consent of Congress, or even without consulting that body.

The failure of both candidates to clarify this issue is the more unfortunate because it is at the root of many of our current problems. It is basic, for instance, to discussion of the justifiability of the Korean war. There is a widespread belief that President Truman violated at least the spirit of the Constitution when he committed the American people to this conflict without congressional approval. But there is also a strong case for saying that this was a wholly legitimate executive action under commitments to the United Nations which have the force of law.

The problem roots in Article VI of the Constitution, the second section of which says: "This Constitution . . . and all treaties made, or which shall be made, under the authority of the United States, shall be the supreme law of the land."

That language clearly means that all the provisions of any treaty concluded by the United

States take precedence over all prior legislation, whether federal, state or local. On this interpretation the courts have frequently declared state laws to be invalid. That in itself was a subject of controversy in the past. Patrick Henry was only one of those who opposed ratification of the Constitution on the grounds that the provision quoted would infringe state sovereignty. But that argument never triumphed because it was evident that no treaty made by the federal Government could be effective unless its terms were binding in every state.

Since the United States became a member of the United Nations, however, the Truman Administration has developed an interpretation of Article VI which would have shocked all of the founding fathers, and which is deeply resented by members of Congress who notice how the influence of that body is being undermined. The Truman interpretation, in summary form, is that since treaties are "the supreme law of the land" it is proper for the Administration to issue executive orders calculated to make treaty provisions effective, and to do this without any legislation.

That was the assumption on which Mr. Truman ordered the military to resist the Communist aggression in Korea. It is also the assumption that underlies much that is controversial in what seem to be wholly domestic problems. When the President seized the steel mills last spring he explained that this drastic action was necessary "to fulfill our responsibilities in the efforts being made throughout the United Nations." And Chief Justice Vinson, defending this governmental

# Trends

OF NATION'S BUSINESS

seizure of private property, pointed out that "Our treaties represent legal obligations." Because of these obligations: "The Executive may act upon things and upon men in many relations which have not, though they might have, been actually regulated by Congress."

The doctrine of treaty law has thus developed so as to encourage the President to act without congressional consent in any matter covered by a treaty between the United States and other governments. And, with the advent of UN, the Charter of which is an international treaty duly approved by the Senate, this doctrine has rapidly acquired the most far-reaching implications. Unbridled executive action to implement treaties caused no trouble as long as treaties were confined to specific subjects. But under the UN Charter the United States has assumed all sorts of intangible obligations. For instance we are pledged by this treaty to promote "observance of human rights and fundamental freedoms for all without distinction as to race, sex, language or religion."

• • •

In the steel case, Chief Justice Vinson argued that the UN Charter justified Presidential seizure of an entire industry, without congressional sanction. By the same interpretation of treaty law the Charter would seem to justify an executive edict establishing a federal FEPC, even if Congress had refused to vote it. The fact that the UN itself could not compel such action is immaterial. The point is that some jurists consider the President free to dispense with Congress altogether, if he wishes to advance by executive order any of the vague and virtually unlimited aspirations of the UN Charter.

In the steel case, President Truman's claim to these limitless "inherent powers" was overruled, but only by a six to three decision, with Justices Vinson, Minton and Reed dissenting. When this decision was handed down, six months ago, many Americans breathed a sigh of relief. The opinion seemed to safeguard the immunity of private property, in this country, from governmental seizure. But with the microscopic analysis that the lawyers have now given to the dissenting opinions, doubt has grown. There seems to be no assurance that the same type of confiscation, or some equally arbitrary action to enforce executive policy, may not be tried again, using the sweeping provisions of the UN Charter as excuse.

Uncertainty as to the scope of "treaty law" led the American Bar Association, even before the steel case decision, to recommend an amendment to the Constitution which would definitely prevent the erosion of congressional power that is threatened. The split decision in the steel case

served to emphasize the need of such amendment. Sponsored by 59 senators, an amendment was introduced, and preliminary hearings were held, in the last session of Congress. This will be reintroduced in the next session and the composition of the new Senate indicates that it will be passed then with a minimum of delay. Action in the House will perhaps be more slow.

As sponsored by the Bar Association, the suggested amendment says:

*"A provision of a treaty which conflicts with any provision of this Constitution shall not be of any force or effect. A treaty shall become effective as internal law in the United States only through legislation by Congress which it could enact under its delegated powers in the absence of such treaty."*

• • •

The present development of "treaty law," to a stage where the President claims power to act without any congressional oversight, was not anticipated by the framers of the Constitution. This is clear from the contemporary discussion, and also from the provision that the President can make treaties only "by and with the consent of the Senate." A more definite check, which in 1919 defeated American membership in the League of Nations, is that when a treaty comes up for ratification "two thirds of the senators present" must be favorable. Still another Constitutional obstacle to the development of treaty law is the clause in Article I, Section 8, giving to Congress alone the "power to declare war."

That Constitutional provision, however, did not prevent American involvement in a United Nations war which has now dragged on for two and a half years without congressional approval. And the Constitutional provisions for Senate ratification of treaties have not prevented executive agreements, not all so notorious as the one made by President Roosevelt at Yalta, which have become effective without congressional oversight. Indeed, congressional sentiment for the proposed amendment has been strengthened by the growing State Department tendency to handle what are really treaties as executive agreements immune from senatorial veto. As a former assistant chief of the department's treaty division (Mr. Wallace McClure) has revealingly written: "For controversial international acts the Senate method may well be quietly abandoned, and the instruments handled as executive agreements."

The broad commitments of the UN Charter have stimulated the expansion of presidential power to make these commitments effective. But there is nothing hostile to UN in the nonpartisan move to check this trend by constitutional amendment. It would have come to a head in the new Congress, even without as dramatic a repudiation of "Trumanism" as we have seen.





BY EDWARD T. FOLLIARD

## WASHINGTON MOOD

**T**HE CLANG of hammers rings out on Capitol Hill, where the inaugural stands are going up. Hotels are swamped by requests for rooms. The White House has become a point of interest even for the natives, who pause to stare at it now, thinking of the drama ahead.

It still seems a little strange to the Republicans, this return to power after 20 years. The transition, however, promises to be the smoothest in history, and the American political system never looked better.

To find anything like a parallel for what is happening in Washington now, it is necessary to go back to 1884. That was the year that the Democratic Party, broken and almost smashed by the Civil War, made a comeback under Grover Cleveland, ending 24 years of Republican rule.

The newspaper accounts of that first Cleveland victory say that the Republicans were "stunned."

The same thing could have been said about the organization Democrats this time. It would have been necessary to add, however, that the effects of the blow wore off quickly. The epilogue seemed to be divided into four stages. After the initial shock came a feeling of sadness for Adlai Stevenson; then an acceptance of what had happened, and, finally, a realization that it was time to close ranks and fall in behind the winner—President-designate Dwight D. Eisenhower.

All that, of course, is in the American tradition. It is a familiar emotional experience which the Republicans went through for five straight elections beginning in 1932, and one which the Democrats could be expected to go through with just as much grace, even if they were out of practice. What was noteworthy about it was the Democrats' surprise to find out that it didn't hurt nearly as much as they had thought it would.

It is hard to remember a campaign aftermath quite like it; that is, one in which partisanship was so quickly dropped, and the harsh words of September and October so quickly forgotten (for the time being, anyway).

There were at least two reasons for this.

First, General Eisenhower's victory was so stu-

pendous that nobody could quarrel with it, no matter what his politics. It was more than a partisan victory; it was a great personal triumph for a man who acted on vast numbers of Americans like a flag unfurled in a breeze.

How could a Democratic officeholder here complain when millions of people in his own party voted for Ike, as they surely did from ocean to ocean and border to border? So far as I have been able to see, none has complained; the only bitter note having been sounded by Senator Wayne Morse, the Oregon Republican, who bolted Ike to work for Adlai.

The other reason was, of course, the world situation, meaning Korea and the dark shadow of Russian imperialism. This was bound to have a sobering effect on people, winners and losers alike, once the election was out of the way.

Harry S. Truman was a fiery partisan on election eve at his home in Independence, Mo. But when he left for Washington, he was again President of the United States, responsible for the welfare of all the people. He acted accordingly, promptly inviting General Eisenhower to the White House and setting up the arrangements whereby Ike's men could start moving into the Budget Bureau, the State Department and the Pentagon.

As the two men said in their exchange of messages, it was important to let the world know that the American people were as one when it came to matters affecting the nation's security.

It looks now as if the executive branch of the Government will pass from Democratic to Republican hands in a way that will be a triumph of common sense, patriotism, and good manners.

General Eisenhower, after he moves into the White House, is to have the traditional honeymoon. How long it will last is anybody's guess; the only certainty is that some day it will end. The Democrats will be obliged, as the Republicans were before them, to be the "loyal opposition." They will start off with pot shots at the Administration, and then, as the 1954 off-year election draws near, these will work up to a barrage.

For the moment, Ike has an enormous amount of good will behind him.

Sometimes, in the course of a presidential campaign,

OF NATION'S BUSINESS  
**Trends**

# Trends

OF NATION'S BUSINESS

the situation seems pretty terrible in the United States. As the G.I.'s used to say in World War II, things look "tough all over." Then

one of the candidates says something, the skies clear, and the old U.S.A. appears to be in good shape after all.

That's the way it was when I was traveling on the Eisenhower Special back in September, before transferring to the Stevenson caravan in early October. Ike had been hammering away at the Truman Administration—at the "mess" in Washington, at the "bungling" that got us into the Korean War, at high taxes, high prices, and so on. Then, one bright day at Keyser, W. Va., he went in for a change of pace and said:

"Our country is in fine shape, with tremendous productive strength—156,000,000 of the most productive people on earth, free working men and women who can outwork, outearn, outdo, outproduce any slave labor in the world; a classless society where a man can belong to what he wants.

"We have great natural resources, inventive genius. With seven per cent of the population, we produce 50 per cent of the world's manufactured goods..."

Up to this point, Ike's recital sounded like something put out by the Democratic National Committee, along with the slogan, "Don't Let 'Em Take It Away."

But Ike had a kicker.

"We are in fine shape," he said, "except politically."

Then would come his familiar broadside against men too big for their breeches and too small for their jobs, men who lacked "common woodshed honesty," men who had become arrogant by long continuance in power.

I am not sure whether Ike and his advisers sensed it at the time or not, but it seems in retrospect that one of the most significant things about the 1952 campaign was the fading away of the full-belly or prosperity issue. The Democrats had used it effectively for four elections. They had hoped it would be effective for a fifth; but as the result showed it was worn out—at least for '52.

There were three possible explanations for this. A new generation had come along since the depression of the Hoover Administration. Those who remembered it—a majority, at any rate—must have concluded that no political party was responsible for prosperity. Also, they may have concluded that what they had wasn't really prosperity, anyway, considering the heavy tax bite and the shrunken dollar.

Another significant thing about the campaign was what happened to the so-called "labor vote." Men who ought to know what they are talking

about have been saying for years that nobody could control or deliver the labor vote; or, for that matter, even say how it was going to go. Nevertheless, the Democrats had long felt that it was theirs.

No reliable figures are available now, or ever will be, but it is almost a certainty that a great many members of labor unions voted for General Eisenhower on Nov. 4.

Again, it seems to me, we have learned how dangerous it is to take anything for granted in an American election—to say that this bloc of votes or this racial group will vote a particular way. They may in one election, but it doesn't necessarily follow that they will in the next.

One assumption that was exploded this time was that a big vote was a Democratic vote. The bigger it grew, as the ballots were being counted, the greater became Ike's plurality.

In a country like the United States, where people pride themselves on their independence, it is always presumptuous to say what 60,000,000 voters will do when they draw the curtain and fill out their ballots. Maybe it is even presumptuous to say afterward why they voted as they did.

The obvious and simple explanation of what happened is that the Republicans had a sure-fire combination—an immensely popular vote-getter and an electorate that was fed up with the Truman Administration and determined to have a change.

A lot of political observers here believe now that Ike would have won even if he had stayed on the porch of his Gettysburg farm. To put it another way, they think that he was "in" from the moment the Republicans nominated him at Chicago back in July.

Does that mean, then, that all of the efforts of the campaign were wasted, including Governor Stevenson's gallant but vain attempt to stem the tide? The Governor himself wouldn't say so. In the closing week, he said this to a crowd at Pottstown, Pa.: "It has been a great experience for me, and one for which I shall be forever thankful, come what may."

What the future holds for Governor Stevenson is something that only the future can answer. He won millions of admirers, including a good many people who voted for Ike. The professionals in his own party admired him, too. However, not all were agreed about the wisdom of his style of campaigning—his blunt way of telling people that things wouldn't be easy, that there were no short cuts, and his reminder that they had responsibilities as well as rights.

In the end, it will be the people and not the politicians who will decide about Adlai.

Meantime, as they would say at the Capitol, politics is adjourned.





By **SIDNEY SHALETT**

*Since the war, America has found her best customers—not in Europe—but closer to home*

**T**HE MOST significant development in United States world trade since World War II has been the swing away from the traditional dominance of European markets, and the emergence of a real boom in trade with Canada and Latin America. In Canada, fabulously rich in natural resources, the postwar boom has been marked by the tapping of new petroleum, iron and uranium resources; the building of giant pipelines to carry oil; the expansion of aluminum mills and other industrial facilities. In Latin America, the many changes can be typified by the following story out of Brazil:

During World War II, when the United States was assisting Brazil in financing and constructing the gigantic Volta Redonda steel mill, engineers from this country's best technical schools went down to help. Brazil's own engineers at that time had been trained mostly in Europe, and to them the title "engineer" was a mark of honor, used in the same manner as "doctor."

They never touched a tool themselves, leaving that to the "workmen." When the *Nortamericano* engineers came, they promptly lost much face, because they would work as well as supervise. Their outraged Brazilian colleagues withheld from them the honorary title of "engineer," referring to them instead as "constructors."

Since the war, however, prospective engineers from Brazil—and elsewhere in Latin

America—are coming more and more to the United States for training. They are learning it is no disgrace for the *engenheiro* to wield a monkey wrench, and they now are getting grease on their hands just like the Yankees. This is the kind of subtle change which is being brought about by growing familiarity with North American customs and products.

Here are the facts which reflect the changed picture of world trade:

Before the war, Europe, including the United Kingdom, supplied nearly half of Latin America's imports, and took approximately the same percentage of its exports. United States trade accounted for approximately one third of the exports and imports of the 20 Latin American republics.

Now the roles are more than reversed, with the United States taking and supplying approximately half of Latin America's goods, and Europe accounting for less than one third of them.

For many years before the war, Great Britain had been the United States' best customer. That now is a thing of the past. While the United Kingdom and western European nations as a bloc still are getting the largest proportions of our exports—if you count the large volume of military and related items which we provide under defense pacts—our largest single cash customer is Canada. Canada also sells us more goods than any other single

## OUR HEMISPHERIC TRADE:

The postwar boom in Canada stems from the tapping of new petroleum, iron and uranium resources; the construction of pipelines to carry oil; expansion of aluminum mills and other industrial facilities. To the south of us it began during the war when the Latin American countries supplied us with critical materials and built up huge dollar reserves. After V-J Day, these republics launched the buying sprees that brought on the boom

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## GENUINE GOOD NEIGHBORLINESS CAN PAY OFF

nation. However, as an area, Latin America is our largest supplier.

In 1951, United States foreign trade reached an almost unprecedented volume. We exported \$15,030,000,000—less than one third of a billion dollars under the all-time 1947 export peak. We imported \$10,967,000,000, which exceeded by nearly 25 per cent the previous 1950 record. It must be kept in mind, however, that the recent export figures reflect inflated prices and also include the goods we ship abroad without pay for defense purposes.

Another record-breaking year in exports is indicated by shipments worth \$7,976,000,000 (including the defense items) during the first six months of 1952. This total is more than \$600,000,000 higher than exports for the same period of 1951. Imports, however, were down during the first six months of 1951, and this drop in U. S. purchases is causing considerable anguish in world markets.

Latin America, with its vast undeveloped resources and the world's fastest growing population, always has been a potentially tremendous market. Now—though more volatile, economically as well as temperamentally, than Canada—the 20 Latin American republics have developed as important customers and suppliers of the United States. Latin American trade can be nurtured and expanded on a long-range basis. It is a field, however, that requires the most careful handling by Government and business alike—a delicate blend of tact and genuine good neighborliness, plus practicality.

The Latin American trade boom started during World War II when those countries became our most important suppliers of many critical war materials. The republics built up huge dollar reserves, and, with a war on, we had little to sell them, so the credits piled up. Came V-J Day and the gradual resumption of U. S. production, and the dollar-rich Latin American republics went on tremendous buying sprees.

Not only did they acquire solid goods—machinery and the like—that would pay dividends in increasing their own productive capacity, but they splurged heavily in luxury items for which their people were hungry. Result: As early as 1947, many of the countries were running perilously low on dollars, and, by 1948, most of them applied stringent controls to protect what little was left.

Today, the situation is somewhat improved but still shaky—particularly since, even with our need for petroleum, minerals and metals, we cannot possibly buy as much from Latin America as it wants to buy from us.

The two potentially biggest customers, Brazil and Argentina, are hampered by dollar shortages. Brazil, however, was able to rank as our third biggest customer during the first half of 1952. Our purchases from her actually exceeded our sales there. In the case of Argentina, despite the antagonistic policies of the Peron Government, the Export-Import Bank, an arm of the U. S. Government, has

helped the Argentine economy with various loans, including one \$125,000,000 authorization purely to bolster her dollar exchange.

At the present time, Venezuela and Cuba are particularly strong among the Latin American republics in dollar reserves, and Mexico is not in bad shape, though its demands for machinery and equipment with which to spark its tremendous industrial expansion are a constant drain on its reserves. Venezuela, where "Sow the Petroleum" is a national slogan, is almost profligately solvent from the earnings of its underwater oil deposits. With U. S. capital, Venezuela also is developing the resources of an "iron mountain" fantastically rich in ore. "King Sugar" keeps Cuba wealthy; however, overproduction in 1952, which forced Cuba to hold back 1,750,000 tons from the market and to impose restrictions on next year's sugar production, may create economic problems in the coming year.

Industrialization of Mexico is one of the engrossing facets of the Latin American picture.

On the Mexico-Texas border, the United States and Mexico are jointly building Falcon Dam as a water storage and hydroelectric project. It is proving a practical experiment in good neighborliness, for, during the course of construction, the boundary line has been literally pushed back one mile into both countries to provide an amiable "no man's land" where workers of both countries can operate without border restrictions. And in the primitive southern isthmus region of Mexico, work is well along on the great Papaloapan basin project, which is to be Mexico's TVA.

This project alone accounted for purchase of millions of dollars worth of U. S. machinery. North American visitors are intrigued to watch wiry Mexican mechanics drive 30-ton earth-movers as if they were jockeying "hot rods." One American spectator recently inquired if this high-spirited driving didn't cause a lot of breakage. "Oh, no, they are more careful than they appear!" replied a Mexican supervisor with Yankee ideas. "We pay them a base pay and also according to the amount of dirt they move. If their machines break down, they don't work."

All this progress, of course, takes dollars, and Mexico's proximity to the United States is proving a happy factor. Mexican Embassy officials in Washington state that the dollar deficit between exports and imports is being partially made up by the money spent in Mexico—between \$165,000,000 and \$200,000,000 annually—by U. S. tourists. Even the so-called "bracero remittances"—the dollars sent home by Mexico's *braceros* (laborers) who are permitted to work seasonally in U. S. fruit and vegetable fields—help the Mexican economy.

Altogether, the Latin American republics accounted for nearly 25 per cent of our exports and more than 30 per cent of our imports in 1951. For the first half of 1952, the percentages were approximately the same. Latin America takes approximately 50 per cent of our (Continued on page 86)

# 50,000 gals and a guy

*Here's what it's like to run an all-girl  
sales force that stretches 'round the world*



*Dress manufacturer Phil Meyers turns out 2,500,000 frocks a year*

**P**HIL MEYERS just goes along doing what comes naturally and all of a sudden he's got a \$20,000,000 business. What he does naturally is have women sell dresses to women. Direct.

"Women know women better than men ever will know them," he says, "and better than any store manager ever can know them."

About 50,000 women sell his dresses for him. At times he has had almost 100,000, but the average will be about half that. It is one of the largest sales forces in the world. It operates in every state, all American territories and in about 40 foreign countries.

"Anywhere," says Mr. Meyers, "that there is dollar exchange. For example, we're doing well in Iceland, Nairobi and New Caledonia."

Sometimes, of course, one of the 50,000 or so has some larceny in her heart and makes off with the receipts. When this happens the customers howl and Phil Meyers makes good. He doesn't try to run down the delinquent girl.

"Not worth it," he says. "And it happens so seldom it doesn't matter much."

He's casual about complaints, too. If a woman writes in that her dress fell apart at the cleaners or in the wash, it's made good—even though Mr. Meyers knows the complainant may be wrong.

"She's honest about it nine times out of ten," he says, "so why argue? Women are generally honest. More honest than men. The complaints don't amount to much anyway."

Philip M. Meyers is president

and chairman of the board of Fashion Frocks, Inc., of Cincinnati, Ohio. Besides dresses, he manufactures and merchandises other articles of clothing—some for men—and makes parachutes. He made parachutes during World War II and got an Army and Navy "E" for it. With the fighting going on in Korea, the contract recently was resumed.

There are three factories: one in Cincinnati, one in Greeneville, Tenn., built in 1944, and one in Hamilton, Ohio, built in 1946. These employ about 2,200 people, 1,300 of whom are in the parent plant in Cincinnati, where the company began operations in 1925. Mr. Meyers was born, reared and educated in Cincinnati.

Fashion Frocks lost money in its



By HENRY LACOSSITT



MEXICO is among the nearly 40 foreign countries in which this Cincinnati firm is represented



IN AMERICA a saleslady minds the baby while the mother makes a selection from a sample style card



IN SINGAPORE East meets West as this Eurasian girl picks some American dresses for daytime use

first year, when it did a paltry \$165,000 business, but the firm has used no red ink since then. The business increased steadily until, in 1951, it reached the \$20,000,000 mark. According to present estimates, a gross of more than \$22,000,000 is in the offing. Such is the selling power of 50,000 gals.

The boss of these 50,000 women looks like a sleepy George Raft of the movies. Leaning back in his chair, smoking one of the many big-bowled pipes that rest in the rack behind him, Mr. Meyers looks as if he hadn't a care in the world. And his boiling point is pretty high.

"I've seen him start a big venture involving hundreds of thousands of dollars," says a business colleague, "then go off on a vacation and pay no attention to it."

He's been that way, apparently, all his life. Now in his early 50's, Mr. Meyers is a graduate of the University of Cincinnati, class of 1922, where he was one of the school's all-time football ends.

After he got his A.B., he went to work for his father, Mitchell Meyers, in the textile business. The elder Meyers had been a retailer but quit one day, installed three sewing machines in a loft and was

in the manufacturing business. This was 14 years before his son showed up with a diploma and went to work. By that time Mitch Meyers' Princess Garment Company was supplying retail outlets and in young Meyers it had a new credit manager. The latter wasn't satisfied, however. He had his own idea of merchandising—the idea that involved, or eventually was to involve, 50,000 women.

He believed he could sell direct and make more for the firm. Nobody ever had done that before, as his father pointed out to him. For three years this argument went on. But Phil, puffing his pipe, went ahead and laid plans.

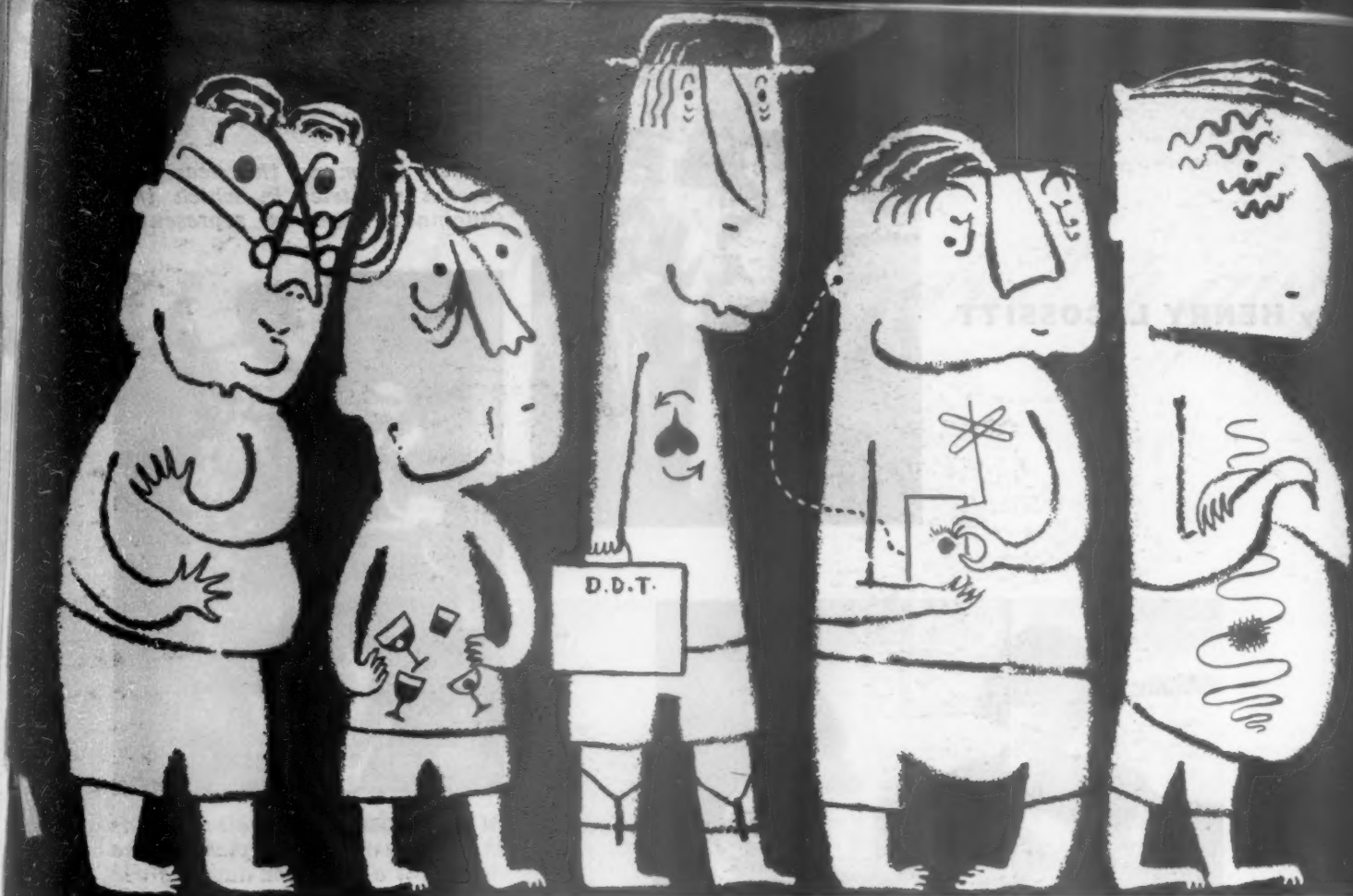
In 1925, to the amusement of his family and, for that matter, the entire textile industry, Fashion Frocks opened for business in the basement of the Princess Garment Company. The event, after the initial hilarity, was received with almost complete indifference. After the first year—that \$165,000 year—there was a lot of clucking and some kindly mirth about the strange notions of Mitch Meyers' ambitious child. Mitch Meyers, himself, said that Phil was a good boy and probably would get over it.

Then Fashion Frocks started its fantastic climb. When the big boom collapsed in 1929, Meyers' company instead of retrenching began expanding.

Somewhere along the way the Princess Garment Company vanished—absorbed by Fashion Frocks. Young Meyers did a \$2,500,000 business in the depression year of 1932 and added about \$1,000,000 in the next equally poor 12 months. By 1935 the company had its big Cincinnati plant. Sidney and Melville, Phil's brothers, had been taken into the new company, as had Mitchell Meyers, who isn't quite sure about it all even today, but whose pride in his casual and imaginative son is enormous.

Actually, Phil's idea was simple. He advertised in women's magazines and elsewhere. He relied, correctly, on the fundamental desire of everybody to make a little extra. Practically all of the firm's salesgirls sell dresses to help out with the family finances. Some have made enough to put their children through college; others have bought new furnishings with their profits. During the depression such money was especially welcome, as

(Continued on page 60)



## WHY BUSINESSMEN

**B**USINESSMEN are being shortchanged in the most important of all coin—length of life. According to latest figures, the white American man has a life expectancy of 65.5 years, the white woman 71 years. A recent obituary page in the *New York Times* recorded the following deaths: an insurance broker, 57; an advertising executive, 63; a food merchant, 60; a funeral director, 59; a stockbroker, 63. Average at death: 60.4—not the 65.5 allotted by statistics.

Bruce Barton, advertising man and vice president of the American Heart Association ran a similar check. Over a five-month period he scanned six leading newspapers for deaths of top executive personnel. In this period he found 48 deaths of presidents, vice presidents, sales managers, and others. Average age at death: 56.5 years—nine years less than the national average.

Reasonably good figures are available for the life span in various professions and skills. Thus, preachers and astronomers have the longest life. Teachers and Army officers are above average; and so, surprisingly, are Presidents of the United States, whose average age at death has been 68.

Doctors and factory workers are slightly under average; and unskilled mine and quarry workers are at the bottom of the heap. In general, farmers are more blessed than city people; and women live longer than men. A person has a greater chance of living to a ripe age in Nebraska, South Dakota and

Minnesota than any other states; and the least chance in Arizona, New Mexico and Nevada.

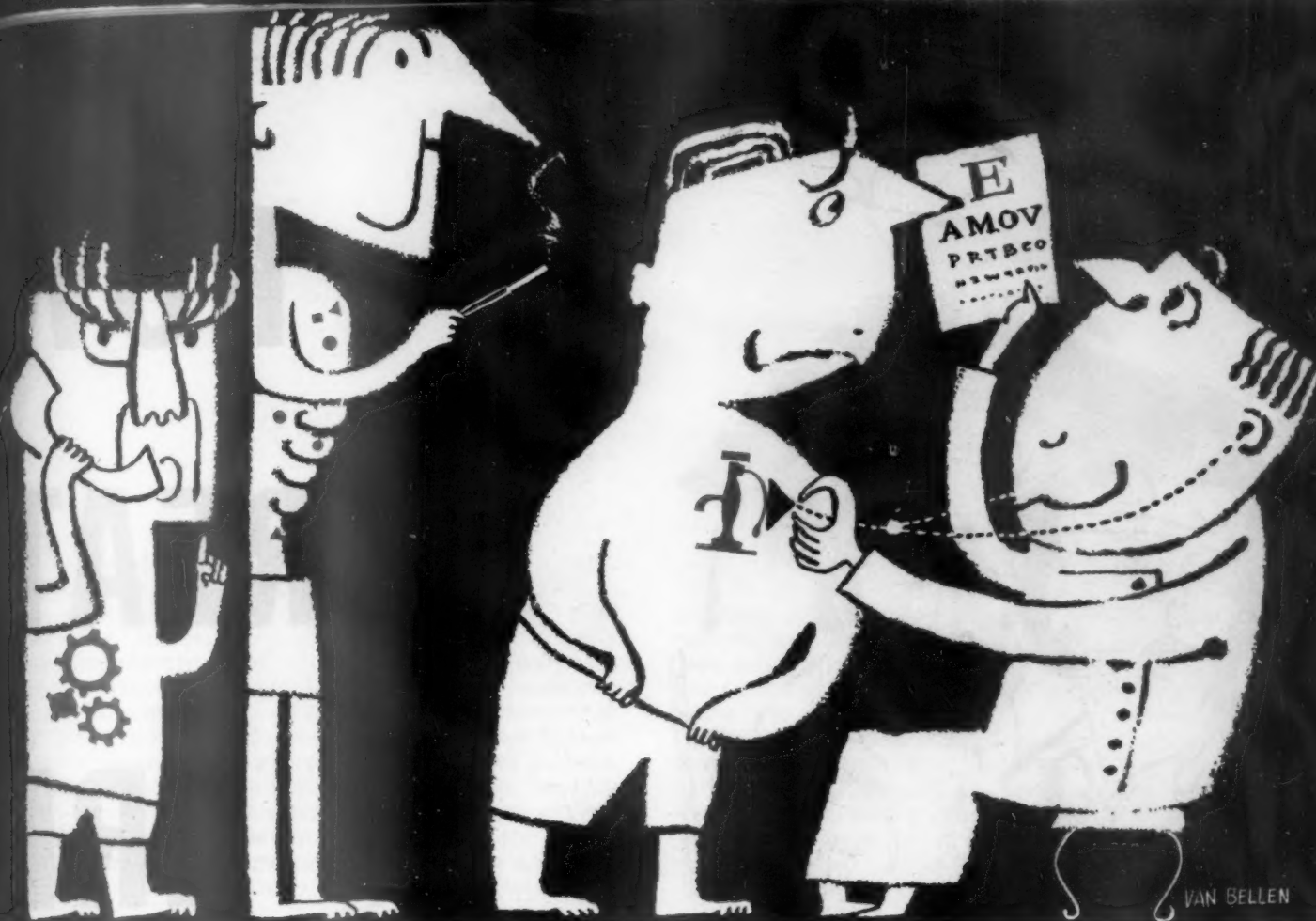
Curiously enough, no good figures are available for businessmen—perhaps the category is too large. But enough spot checks are available to indicate it is well below the national average. *Advertising Age*, for example, last year checked age-at-death of men in the advertising field; found it to be 57 years. Samuel Markel, president of the American Fidelity and Casualty Company, estimates that businessmen die at least six years before their time. He observes:

"The average American businessman is medically underprivileged, compared to the average industrial worker, and consequently dies six years sooner than his employe. The situation, it is obvious, represents a staggering annual loss to American business. The loss is not measured in dollars alone, but also in the dilution of the level of management know-how, since most executives die at the height of their managerial capacities.

"The tragic thing is that medical science has the means to correct this trend. The means are to use what doctors call preventive medicine—detecting disease before it kills or cripples."

Everyone is heartened by the tremendous progress made by the medical sciences; by discoveries such as penicillin, terramycin, and by the development of lifesaving surgical techniques. Reading about such things, it is only natural to conclude that





## DIE BEFORE THEIR TIME

death has been pushed further into the background.

With certain age groups, this is true. Mainly, it is the diseases of childhood that have been conquered: diphtheria, typhoid, measles, scarlet fever, etc. Today, the newborn infant is four times as likely to survive the first year of life as the infant born in 1900. Gains here have been largely responsible for the remarkable increase in length-of-life.

Skeletal remains indicate that in the Bronze Age the average life span was 18 years—death usually coming from a blow on the head. During Roman times the figure rose to 22 years. Tombstone information in New England indicates that it reached 35 years at the time the country was founded. It climbed to 49 years in 1900 and on up to 68 for white men and women today.

On the surface, these gains look impressive—and they *are* impressive. But they have mainly benefitted the young. Gains in life expectancy for the middle-aged, and the aged have been negligible.

Look at some figures that are likely to come as a shock. A century ago—when medicine, by today's standards, was still in the dark ages—the man of 50 had a life expectancy of 21.6 additional years of life. Despite all progress in the past 100 years, the man of 50 living today has gained only one year of life expectancy. The man of 60 has made virtually no gain: 15.64 years vs. 15.6 years. And the man of 70 has actually lost ground. (Continued on page 82)

A recent nationwide  
check on the health of  
10,000 executives  
found only one out of nine  
in top physical shape

By J. D. RATCLIFF



ANDY WARHOL

# HOW GREAT ARE LABOR'S POWERS?

By LEO WOLMAN

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## The mounting number of issues now subject to negotiation may eventually result in the joint management of business

**P**OPULAR institutions, which in one way or another have succeeded in acquiring power and stand on a firm base, as a rule want more power. The prestige, influence, and authority they already possess shortly seem inadequate for the purposes they are intended to serve and efforts are constantly made to add to them. This has certainly been true of labor movements, not only in the United States, but throughout the world. It is true also of governments. We, in fact, live in an era whose leading political and economic problem is the growth of government. While men may differ as to the desirability of such expansion (as indeed they do in the case of trade unionism), no one will question the distance it has gone and the concern it has aroused.

It is one thing to assert that a government or a labor movement has progressively enhanced its power, and another to prove and measure its growth. Considering the wealth of information available about organized labor in this country, it ought not to be hard to arrive at a generally acceptable conclusion as to its present position and strength.

Within less than 20 years, union membership increased from more than 3,000,000 to more than 14,000,000. Relative to the increase in the number of employees in the same period, organized labor grew from a minority of slightly less than ten per cent to one of between 20 and 30 per cent.

This is by any standard a formidable growth. If a political party had experienced so radical a change in its position, that fact would have been recognized as a political revolution of profound significance. Yet labor unions, in spite of their internal differences and conflicts, are much more closely knit organizations than the typical political party.

These average figures fail to disclose still more relevant changes in labor's position. Until the middle '30's organized labor was a limited movement, persistently strong on the railroads and in building, and intermittently so in coal mining and clothing. This is a far cry from the situation today when unions occupy formidable positions in steel, automobiles, machinery and tool building, coal and metal mining, meat packing, railroad and air transportation, construction, electric light, gas, and telephones—in short, in the overwhelming majority of the country's basic industries.

In several of these, unions like the steel and auto workers, teamsters, machinists, and mine workers claim from more than 500,000 to more than 1,000,000 members each. In textiles, alone, have the unions failed to hold their strength. The movement has been relatively unsuccessful among white collar workers, in spite of successive drives to bring them into the union fold.

The most conclusive evidence of the existence of

labor power on the scale here suggested is the capacity of unions to shut down a plant, company, or industry for substantial periods to gain their demands, whatever they may be. This ability organized labor demonstrated on numerous occasions in the course of the late '30's, during World War II, and since 1945.

The summer steel strike is as good an example as any of the exercise of this type of power. This strength on the part of the steel workers was further exhibited by the revelation of their ability to cut off the supply of iron ore and close a large number of steel fabricators only remotely related to the basic iron and steel industry. Other unions possess the same power and may, on occasion, be expected to use it. Only self-restraint, revolt by the members, or intervention by Government may serve as restraints. However effective these may be, the fact remains that the power is there and that it is employed from time to time.

There are, in addition, other evidences, less spectacular than the strike but of equal, if not greater, significance as manifestations of the rise of labor authority. In the short history of their existence most labor unions have increased rapidly the number of issues about which they negotiate with employers. Matters which only recently were decided unilaterally by employers and were regarded as falling within the exclusive jurisdiction of management have become subject to joint determination by management and unions. Since the beginning of the war, pensions, various forms of social insurance, and a long list of "fringe" issues have passed into this category. The list is being lengthened to include guaranteed employment and, in the latest demands, the setting up of company or industry unemployment insurance funds to supplement the existing public funds.

In addition to specific items such as these, collective bargaining as it is nowadays carried on constitutes systematic and cumulative encroachment by unions on the rights and authority of management. This is a highly subtle process, not easily measured and, except in the long run, not easy to detect. It consists of transferring authority from the management to the union representatives over such a variety of questions as discipline, determining work loads, promotions, and the terms and conditions governing the introduction of new tools, processes and methods of production.

Management rights are restricted either through the provisions of the labor contract or through the development of practices and precedents in the shop. By their very nature changes of this sort are bound to be slow since they are conceded by employers only with great (Continued on page 66)

# The roads we could have

By **BOOTON HERNDON**

*After years of paying for poor highways through the loss of time, depreciation, high insurance rates, injury and death, the American motorist wants a change. The bill will be big — some \$92,000,000,000 — but the results well worth it*

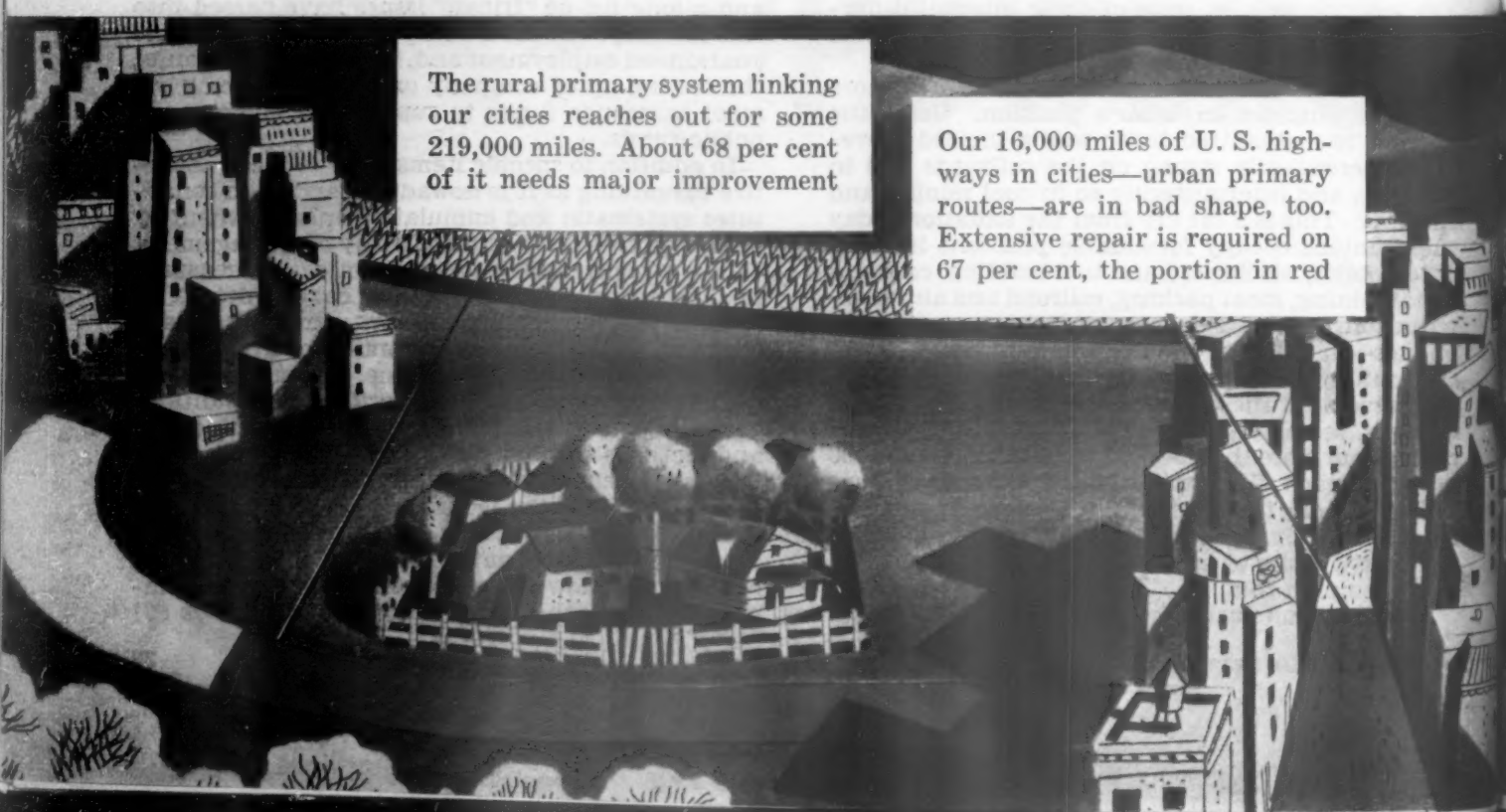
**F**OR many years American motorists have gone on blithely paying—through depreciation, increased insurance, loss of time, and, yes, even hospitalization and death, the money they could just as well have spent for good roads. Now, at last, are beginning to appear the first few faint evidences that we, the people, the owners of the roads, are waking up to the fact that:

You pay for good roads whether you ride on them or not.

The realization is being forced on us that we can no longer afford not to spend money on our roads.

It's too bad that the roof has to fall in on us before we wake up but, fortunately, we are beginning to see the first glimmerings of hope. Powerful forces are coming forward with intelligent surveys, convincing arguments, and concrete programs to guide our roadbuilding steps. Although the money allocated for highways this year is only about enough to do one-half the stopgap work that needs to be done, at least, now, we know what to do and where to do it.

The automotive industry, naturally enough, has set the pace in these studies. In New York City, for instance, where a parking bill may come to \$30 a month, where insurance may easily cost \$25 a month, those two items alone sometimes amount to more than the payments on the automobile itself. The result is, of course, that fewer people buy automobiles. Automobile dealers in Manhattan operate on a replacement basis; they have no new market.



The rural primary system linking our cities reaches out for some 219,000 miles. About 68 per cent of it needs major improvement

Our 16,000 miles of U. S. highways in cities—urban primary routes—are in bad shape, too. Extensive repair is required on 67 per cent, the portion in red

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This condition, of course, affects all the allied industries—fuel, rubber, insurance, steel. These industries have set up such institutions as the Automotive Safety Foundation to find out just why the average car is driven less than 10,000 miles a year, why it costs more than ten cents a mile to do it, and what should be done about it.

The Foundation, along with such other groups as the American Association of State Highway Officials, the American Roadbuilders Association, and the National Highway Users Conference, has come up with a definite answer:

*We need to invest our money in good roads instead of throwing it away on bad ones.*

We need a 15-year roadbuilding program. The total bill for this program, including the costs of maintenance and administration we already have, would be \$92,000,000,000, more than \$6,000,000,000 a year, or an annual increase of \$2,000,000,000.

Before going into how and where this money should be spent, however, a couple of pertinent questions might be asked. Where will it come from? Is it worth it?

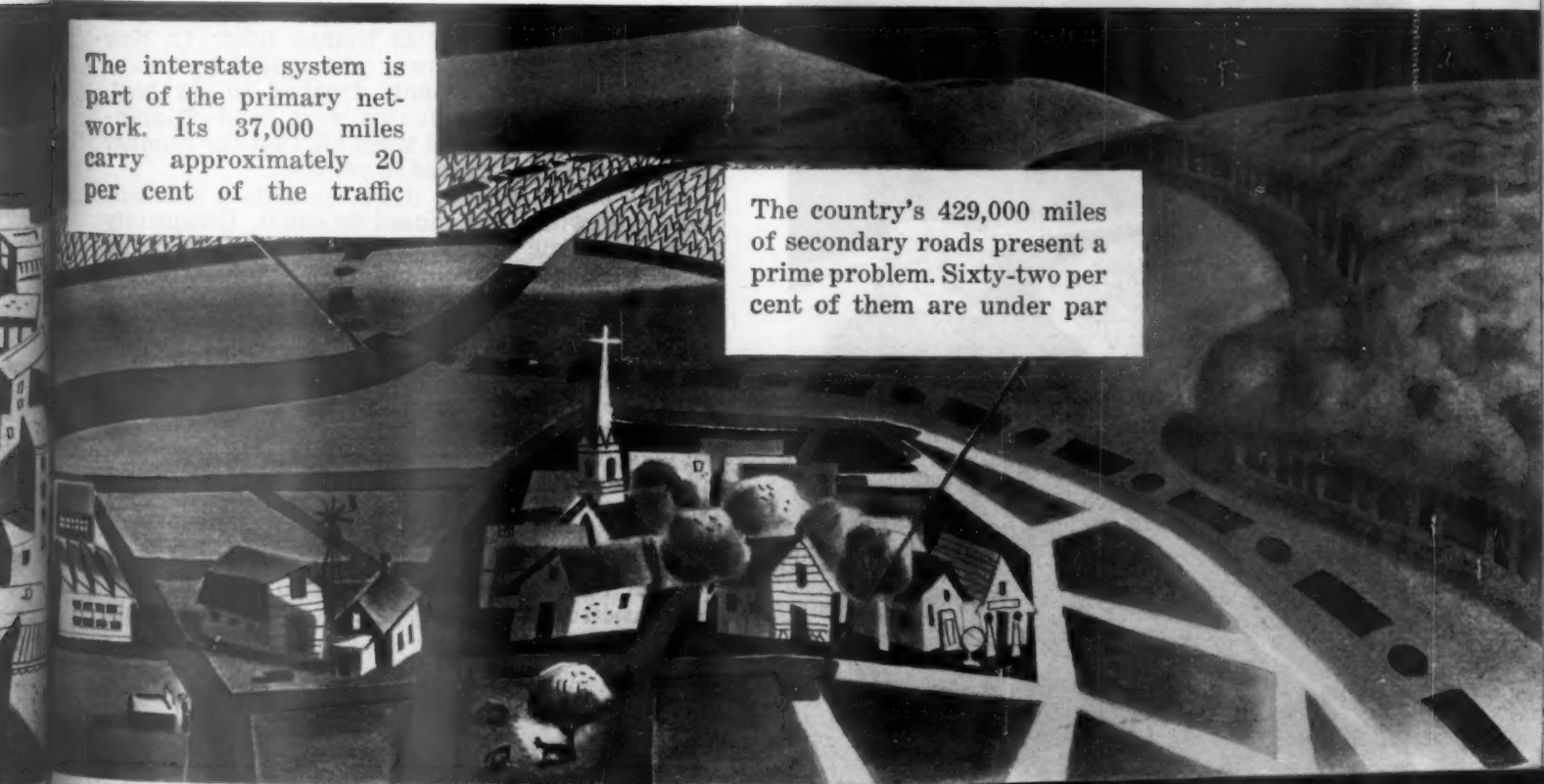
First, and nobody tries to hide this fact, the money will come right out of your pocket. However, you will be investing it, in better production for the nation's economy as a whole and yours in particular, in safety for you and your family on the nation's highways, and—of increasing importance—in national defense.

All studies on the subject say the expense would



The interstate system is part of the primary network. Its 37,000 miles carry approximately 20 per cent of the traffic

The country's 429,000 miles of secondary roads present a prime problem. Sixty-two per cent of them are under par





AMERICAN ROAD BUILDERS' ASSOCIATION

*Under the Sufficiency Rating System, a heavily traveled road of less than four lanes gets zero on safety. The par for this major factor is seven*

CALIFORNIA DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC WORKS



## The roads we could have bought

*continued*



*The next time you go for  
like the experts do. The*

be worth it. Sometimes good roads even create wealth.

Within ten years after the Houston, Texas, expressway was built through town, land values of property not just bordering on the expressway, but running several blocks back, increased 65 per cent. Increased revenue from taxation on this property came as gravy to the community.

Studies made in California recently have shown that by-passes around traffic-choked communities gave them a figurative shot in the arm by syphoning off the through traffic and permitting the regular shoppers to return.

Transportation is, after all, the direct link between production and consumption. Truck delivery costs about ten cents a minute. When a driver can bring your order straight to your home or store without losing ten minutes in a traffic jam and another ten minutes looking for a place to park, it stands to reason somebody benefits two dollars worth. Thanks to free enterprise that somebody, ultimately, is you, the consumer.

When you think of every head of lettuce spoiling, right this minute, in a traffic jam; of every salesman, right this minute, beating up his company's car on a bumpy country road or city street, and when you realize that it is you, the consumer, who pays for it, you begin to realize that paying for good roads is a sound investment.

Since Pearl Harbor, America has lost as many lives on our dilapidated highways as on the battlefields of two wars. Better roads definitely cut down accident rates. You are 18 times safer driving on the Davison Expressway in Detroit than you are on the surface drives paralleling it. Better engineering of existing roads pays off in human lives: In New Jersey, a four-lane highway was divided by a neutral ground, and accidents dropped 40 per cent. Further, so many eliminated were head-on collisions, the most deadly of them all, that the number of fatal accidents dropped 83 per cent.

Think of the benefits if we could slash accident rates everywhere—as indeed we could. Completely apart from the death, pain, and suffering many would be spared, those eliminated accidents would have a direct effect on you, the insurance-buying public.

Everybody, as a matter of fact, worries about you, the consumer. Your tires last seven times as long under perfect conditions as in stop-and-go congestion, and yet rubber companies cold-bloodedly put out good money to set up and subsidize programs to eliminate congestion. Why? Why, as a matter of fact, don't automobile manufacturers want you to rattle your car to pieces on bad roads in a hurry, so they can sell you a new one?

Hal H. Hale, executive secretary of the American Association of State Highway Officials, a thoroughly



## a drive try grading the highway checklist shown can be your guide

nonpartisan group for everything save good roads, explains it this way:

"It all depends on whether you want to pay for construction or destruction. The automotive and allied industries think we have an expanding economy. They believe that the money you would save by better driving conditions would be put into new fields and industries, broaden prosperity. That way a new market could be created, not just a standstill replacement one."

How bad roads and crowded streets can hurt the automotive industries is illustrated graphically in Washington. Three top executives of three separate organizations working for better roads have given up bucking Washington traffic—and no longer own automobiles!

There are more than 3,300,000 miles of public roadway in America. Of these, thousands of miles are worthless and should be junked.

The federal-aid system incorporates 664,000 miles. Of this total, 429,000 miles are secondary roads, of blacktop or gravel, two-lane construction. Next come the 219,000 miles of rural primary routes—U. S. highways between cities. Then 16,000 miles of urban primary routes—U. S. highways in cities. And finally, included in the primary system but singled out for top importance, some 37,000 miles, the interstate system.

Sheer statistics set the priorities for these groups. Although the interstate system comprises only a little more than one per cent of the nation's total mileage, it carries 20 per cent of the total traffic. It is also of vital importance to national defense. Yet, of its 31,831 rural miles, only 1,900 miles are considered adequate. Of 5,969 urban miles, only 398 miles are adequate. Of 10,000 bridges, 19 out of every 20 are substandard.

The rural primary system takes in 7.3 per cent of the total highway mileage, serves more than 60 per cent of the total traffic. Sixty-eight per cent of it needs major improvement, 62 per cent of the secondary system, 67 per cent of the urban. All in all, 424,000 major miles of roadway in the United States need drastic overhauling right this minute—not including many miles of bumpy local roads and streets. To fix them up would cost \$32,000,000,000.

Of the \$575,000,000 appropriated by Congress for this fiscal year, \$247,000,000 goes to the primary system; \$165,000,000 to the secondary system; \$137,500,000 to the urban, and \$25,000,000 on top of that earmarked especially for the interstate system. To get any of this money, each state must put up a matching amount of its own funds, to be used on a federal-designated project.

Of course, local governments can spend the rest of their money where they please, but the brightest ray of hope is the development, by Arizona, originally, of a new and foolproof (*Continued on page 80*)

### SAFETY, 30 POINTS

SHOULDER WIDTH, with a par of eight. On a U. S. highway, two-lanes, give an eight-foot shoulder all eight points, three feet or under a zero, with corresponding marks in between. On mountain roads, however, where shoulders are much more expensive, you'll have to give a four-foot shoulder the full eight points. ☐

SURFACE WIDTH, par seven. Twenty-two feet is standard; and 18-foot roadway gets three points. ☐

But remember: On a heavily traveled road, anything less than a four-lane highway immediately becomes zero.

STOPPING-SIGHT DISTANCE, par ten. If, from the driver's seat—four and a half feet above the roadway—you could see a dead cat—four inches above the roadway—in time to stop at a reasonable speed, the road is okay. For every dead cat you couldn't see, take off one point per mile. For six dead cats, zero. ☐

CONSISTENCY OF ALIGNMENT, par five. If the road is consistently straight, give it five. Consistently winding, four. Penalize it for an occasional surprise, and wherever there is a death curve, give that mile zero. ☐

### SERVICE, 30 POINTS

ALIGNMENT, par 12. If there is one curve in three miles that your wife couldn't make at reasonable speed on a rainy night, take off one point. One curve per mile, take off three points. Five per mile, zero. ☐

PASSING-SIGHT DISTANCE, par eight. If there is one place in three miles where your wife would hesitate to pass a truck on a rainy night, penalize that road a point. Five per mile, zero. ☐

If heavily traveled, give it a zero no matter how straight it is. You need four lanes.

SURFACE WIDTH, par five, proceed as in safety, above, remembering that a two- or three-lane surface counts zero when heavily traveled. For rideability, give five points for a perfectly smooth surface on down to zero for a bumpy one. ☐

### CONDITION, 40 POINTS

Some engineering knowledge and equipment are needed, but here are the factors:

TERRAIN CONDITIONS under the road, par eight points. Solid rock, thick nonporous loam, shifting sand—bad. Beneath flood level, or constant fills—bad. ☐

DRAINAGE, par seven. Will water run off the crown and shoulders? Will ditch facilities carry it away from there? What about seepage, hidden springs? Look for erosion on the sides of fills. ☐

SUBBASE AND BASE, par 15. Even as late as the '30's, most roads weren't being built to modern standards. Lop off five points for any road that's more than 15 years old, another five if many trucks use it. It won't hold up much longer. Look for patches. On concrete roads, you can tell the existence of cracks by wavy asphalt lines or brown mud stains. Come spring rains, each wheel that goes over this crack will force down the slab on either side of it, pumping out the support from under it. ☐

WEARING SURFACE, par ten. Your local engineer can grade this by the records in the courthouse, which tell him how thick the surface is and when it was put down. ☐

That is the Sufficiency Rating System.





# Custody for Christmas

**M**R. WEBSTER rumbled his brown hair and scowled at his elegant desk. Miss Fay had laid the list under the bronze medal (the old, old war) which was his paperweight. It was a long list, a tedious list. Those cousins in La Jolla who crocheted ties and gloves for him annually. The aunts who sent frightful pipes and tobacco. The office staff—could he do compacts and cigarette lighters again?

Jon, his son, who was at last in the lower form at Briarly—should he send gifts to the headmaster and the coach? Aunt Minnie, who had taken Jon over when his mother died? Jon himself? What was a nine-year-old boy like anyway? He hardly knew.

For after Lida died, he had closed the Riverton house and moved to the city to the club, near the business offices. He could hardly be expected to raise the boy alone in that big old house in the country.

Miss Fay could help with some of the presents, but he could hardly ask her what he should give her. She was quiet, efficient, given to navy suits and blouses.

He wondered whether other men were as tired of Christmas as he was. He buzzed. Miss Fay came in.

"About this Christmas list," he waved a big hand helplessly. "I wish Christmas had never been invented."

"Christmas wasn't invented," said Miss Fay, with surprising spirit.

"About the office staff—"

"I thought something quite different this year," she said, "I mean compacts—and lighters—well, one gets enough."

He took off his bifocals, polished them, put them back and took a good look at her. He was sure she had never expressed a personal opinion before. Must be Christmas affected her.

"What are you giving your son?" she now surprisingly asked.

"Do you think a new bicycle? I hardly know what he'd like. You might put a call in to Minnie, he'll be staying there—I thought I might run up after Christmas and see him."

"It's so hard to give presents to people one doesn't know," murmured Miss Fay.

She snapped the cover back on her pad and stood

By GLADYS TABER

# Custody for Christmas

*continued*

up. "I'll tend to the office staff," she said, "I know about them. How much money shall I use?"

"Oh—money—well whatever," he said vaguely.

"Well, I thought," she pushed her brown hair back under the light nylon net. "I thought Sprague would like a good concerto—he's studying music at nights, and the Carstens will be having their baby and they have had such awful expenses. I thought a really elegant carriage robe to look nice when she wheels the carriage to the park. It does something for a young mother. And Miss Brookes 'The Letters of Emily Dickinson,' she's wanted them and couldn't do it—her father had an operation for gallstones and he's a paperhanger and—"

"Why you sound just like Lida!" he said in amazement.

Miss Fay blushed. She dropped her pencil and bent swiftly to pick it up. Then she went out.

Webster opened his drawer and felt for the aspirin bottle. He had so many headaches, he thought. The house, now, he couldn't let it sit there closed indefinitely. It was a big old-fashioned house on a winding rather narrow road. It had a couple of acres of land and a few old apple trees, and once it had a garden. There was a sharp little hill behind it where Jon used to slide with Lida.

He might as well sell it as is.

If he should conceivably marry Eve, they'd have an apartment near the station where she gave her smart broadcasts. She wouldn't and couldn't keep house.

A present for Eve? There he was again, that list. Not jewelry, she only wore that ruby bug and the clips, they were her trademark. Not clothes—she had the Mirrobra account, the Frostyfur sponsored her—

"What is the matter with me," thought Webster, "can't I think of anything to give anyone?"

He couldn't. He only thought that this was a severe bore. Office upset for a week, high jinks going on everywhere, that late Christmas eve dinner and dance with Eve, a hang-over Christmas day, work to catch up with— Besides, he ought to take a quick dash to see how Jon was, although he really didn't know him and Minnie was rather dreadful.

He slammed the list down, got his coat and hat, went out. At least he might look around for something for Eve.

The streets were tight with people, bells kept ringing, taxis tooted, the windows shouted with color. In the first big store whose name Eve would respect he was swept around in a maelstrom of shoppers.

When he finally emerged he had bought a bottle of perfume for Miss Fay with a fancy French name and a couple of angels strangled around its neck. She was the only one he could find anything for.

Eve was on the phone when he got back. She talked ten minutes, as usual. He was to write down the various cocktail parties, dinners, night club things—every minute was planned and it occurred to him she was pretty definite about regimenting him. Nevertheless, he wrote them down in his calendar book.

Then he phoned and ordered the most expensive bicycle in the shop to be shipped to Minnie's for Jon. Card—love from Dad. But Jon never called him Dad, love from Father was more like it.

He went to a conference with the salesmen who hadn't been able to move the plastic baskets for shower-curtain rods. When he got back it was time to go to the club for another lifeless dinner, climb into that tight dinner jacket again, pick Eve up and dash around.

Just as he pushed the list out of sight again, Miss Fay came in.

"I took the call," she said, "because they wanted to talk to anyone in your office. Miss Minnie is in the hospital with phlebitis and they want you to take Jon for Christmas."

"Take Jon for Christmas?" he dropped back into his chair. "What could I do with him? What are they thinking of? I can't have him. Can't stay at the club, what would I do in a hotel with a nine year old? I can't cart him around to night clubs, can I?"

"They don't want to keep him at school," said Miss Fay, "because the furnace has gone to pieces and they are closing the dormitory to put in a new one while the boys are gone."

"But," said Webster, "what in thunder can I do with him?"

Miss Fay moved over closer than she had ever been to her boss and said, "Well, you could take him home."

"Home, what do you mean? I haven't any home."

"You have a house," she said.

Webster leaned his head in his hands and felt as if all the viruses in the world were battling inside him. "What shall I do—what can I do?"

Miss Fay spoke again. "I don't mean to presume," she said gently, "but Christmas is a rather special—thing for children. And since there isn't time to ship him—to send him to any more relatives—well, if you would be willing, I would be glad to go out there with my mother and sort of open up and fix things. All you'd have to do would be to be there—on Christmas." She added, "he's so young—not to have any."

"But what about your own Christmas?"

"Mother and I live in a small apartment," she said, "we would love to get out—it would really be no trouble at all—none at all."

"All right," said Webster, and wondered whether he should offer her time and a half, then thought better of it.

What a ghastly project! Trapped into looking after Jon, spending the day with a strange old termagant, and Miss Fay—it was impossible. He went over the situation helplessly. He could not move to a hotel with the boy because Eve would be furious. She was going to be furious anyway, and he preferred to be farther away. Somehow he just couldn't drag the kid around town and end with a turkey dinner at the hotel. What would the school-mates think when they found out Jon was parked in a hotel while his dad went to parties he couldn't go to?

The whole thing was so frightful that he and Eve quarreled all through the play. Eve said he could



bring the child to town and hire a baby sitter, he said Jon was too old. She said nonsense, hire somebody to take him to the zoo and places and not ruin all their plans.

Somehow he couldn't quite do it. Like it or not, he had some responsibility for Jon. Any other time—but Christmas stirred a rather wretched guilty feeling. He was scared to death of his son, but he would do what he could and live through it.

Later, when he couldn't sleep, he had a nightcap and stared somberly from the club window. In the rare visits he had with Jon, he felt confounded and uncomfortable. The women had raised him and he was a strange little creature. There was never anything to say to him. Well, Miss Fay was competent. She could probably read aloud to the boy or something.

Miss Fay asked to be excused from the office party. This was unheard of, but she was quite firm. She had things to do. She and her mother, she said, would go on and open the house and be sure it was warm and he could come in with Jon. Webster made a harried shopping trip at noon and got a scarf for Miss Fay's mother. He also picked up a horse-racing game with little gilt horses that ran on a cardboard track. He bought it because he got interested in the way it worked.

Miss Fay had often been at the house week ends before Lida died, taking extra dictation and transcribing emergency material, so she knew her way around, he supposed. They could all go to the White



*Webster took a good look at her. He was sure she had never expressed a personal opinion before*

Rabbit for dinner on Christmas eve, and get some kind of breakfast and go for Christmas dinner to the Village Inn.

The whole thing was ridiculous and unnecessary and fantastic, said Eve, when she was again speaking to him. He explained all over about Minnie and the school furnace. And that somehow a Christmas in a strange hotel for a lonely—where had he gotten that idea—for a small boy wasn't the thing. This

was at least a house, in fact, it had been home once.

So he met Jon's train with a show of gaiety and reached for his suitcase to carry it. Then he knew that was all wrong when Jon said, "thank you, I'll carry it."

It was a bitter cold day but Webster was sweating.

They had a short wait until their own train came in so they went to the station drugstore and Jon accepted a chocolate double fudge. His father had black coffee and wished for a drink.

"How do you like school?" he asked nervously.

"Like an egg likes an eggbeater," answered Jon, "I mean, it's all right. That's just a saying we have. Like a potato likes a masher—."

He looked thin and small sitting on the drugstore stool, but his face had an unchildlike look. His eyes were very blue, and remote. His hair was neat. His mouth was very tight. His whole being was wary. He doesn't trust me, thought Webster suddenly. He is scared.

"I meant to get up to see a game," he said apologetically, "but I got called to Washington about some war orders—and I was so busy I couldn't get off. Did you get your allowance all right?"

"Yes, thank you," said Jon, "I got the money."

Well, you could bankrupt yourself for a boy, thought Webster irritably, but it wouldn't matter.

"Do you remember Miss Fay?" he asked.

Jon smiled. "Oh yes, she was the nice one."

"She's kind of overseeing our arrangements for Christmas," said Webster.

Jon gave him a quick, fearful look. "Do you mean—a tree?"

"Well, I haven't had any time to do much about that," said Webster, "I mean, I thought after all—you see, I thought we were going to be at Aunt Minnie's and all—"

"I see," said Jon politely.

In silence they caught their train, in silence Jon made little patterns on the window with a thin finger. Webster wished he were dead. Alone with his son for the first time in—in how long?—he was swept with a sense of desolation. He suddenly wanted to meet this wary little stranger but it was too late. He knew it. Because of not visiting the new school. Because of writing those short uncomfortable notes. Because of all the money, and all the junk he kept sending to him. Because that didn't take the place of fixing a tree for Christmas.

Silently they got into a cab and rocked the 12 miles to Minister's Lane.

"There's our house," said Jon suddenly. The quick breathless voice was new, it was hopeful and very young.

"Yes, that's it," said his father, "hope it's warm."

This notified Jon things were different in that house.

They went up the steps and the door was flung open and Miss Fay and her mother were there, and there were exclamations, the train was nine minutes late but what could you expect on a holiday and wasn't it cold and would it snow and come in, Jon, come in, Mr. Webster.

The door to the library was closed, they went upstairs and Miss Fay showed Jon to his own old room. He stood in the doorway a minute, and he held his thumbs tight with his fingers, and then step by step he walked in and moved to the bed and picked up the mangy, faded brown bear that sat there.

"You settle yourself around," said Miss Fay easily, "then come down."

Webster put his own bag in his old bedroom which was warm in—

*(Continued on page 58)*



**O**NE of the Pacific Coast's nastiest fires broke out at 7 a.m., Dec. 8, 1951, in West Gate Sun Harbor Canning Company at Monterey, Calif. In less than an hour, a \$1,500,000 inventory of canned tuna, mackerel, squid and anchovies was lost. Rumor had it that because of the loss, prices of canned fish would soar. Housewives started to stock up, grocers phoned wholesalers for extra shipments.

But rumormongers didn't know about Underwriters Salvage Company of New York and "Big Bill" Cooper, the man who bosses its Pacific Coast division.

Mr. Cooper had just settled down to his morning's mail in the San Francisco office when a phone call told him of the fire. He grabbed his hat and ran to his car.

He drove the 90 miles to Monterey at top legal speed and within two hours, stood amidst the tangle of fire hoses, appraising the blackened, water-soaked ruins. Specialized help was needed in a hurry.

Within minutes Mr. Cooper had the general manager of the nearby Oxnard Cannery on the phone. He asked if Oxnard could set up two lines by noon to start cleaning West Gate's inventory.

The general manager not only could, but knew of a couple of other companies who would help. Before the last fireman had gone on his way, Mr. Cooper had four canneries lined up, and men busily burrowing into the debris to salvage tens of thousands of cans of fish. The cans were placed in wooden boxes and taken by fork-lift trucks to the four canneries where they were washed, dried, and cased.

## New help



To hurry the job, Mr. Cooper rented all available fork-lift trucks, bought fiberboard cartons for the reclaimed cans and hired special police who kept an eye on the debris day and night.

This was just a run-of-the-mill job for Underwriters Salvage Company, whose men are driven by urgency; the sooner salvage begins, the less the loss.

USC is owned by 78 of the largest fire insurance companies. The firm's unique and efficient salvage methods have often reduced to half what might otherwise have been a total loss.

Out of 135,000 cases of canned fish from the West Gate fire, USC salvaged 100,000. Recovery from the \$1,000,000 Utah Canning Company fire at Freewater, Ore., several years ago was 80 per cent, and \$600,000 was salvaged from the \$2,000,000 fire in Safeway Store's San Francisco wholesale warehouse in 1949. Total merchandise recovered and sold by USC in 1951 approximated \$15,000,000.

Before USC was formed, when a businessman was burned out fire-sale gyp artists often descended upon him like locusts. Their meager offerings for the damaged stock seemed like manna from heaven, and their damaged goods were sold before adjusters arrived. Insurance companies were forced to pay the difference between that sale price and the insured value. Losses were great, and fire insurance rates climbed.

The idea of a salvage company such as USC was originated in 1893 by a burned-out Boston merchant named Appleton. Outraged after having been bilked by transient bunko artists, Mr. Appleton said: "What insurance companies need is a specialized



# for victims of disaster



By JOHN W. ABERLE

*After a fire or other calamity the salvage men dig into the debris. Their recovery know-how often saves goods that once would have been a loss*

organization to recondition and sell insured damaged merchandise."

This was Mr. Appleton's plan: Instead of having a dozen adjusters from as many companies arrive at the scene of a fire, USC would take over and salvage as much as possible. If there was enough to attract buyers and net a good price, USC would sell on the spot. If not, the goods would be shipped to a company-owned warehouse where accumulations would attract competitive bidding. USC's take would depend upon the amount of salvage recovered. Maximum was ten per cent of gross sales. Insurance companies who incurred the loss were to get the remainder.

Mr. Appleton's idea sparked the development of a local business that expanded from New England into four divisions now conducting salvage work in 39 states. Guidance is given through area boards of divisional insurance company managers who sit monthly with the chief regional USC general agent. Policy is made in New York by a company board which rotates membership among top insurance company executives.

Actual salvage operations are directed by John G. McClure, Jr., USC's vice president and general manager, whose father, one of the firm's first general agents, initiated him into the business in 1924.

Most of us think of salvage as compensation paid for saving a ship or its cargo. Yet, the only marine salvage that USC ever engaged in was on the Wolf River at Memphis, Tenn. A barge containing 3,000 bales of cotton caught fire and firemen stopped the fire by throwing the

*(Continued on page 72)*



# Don't obey that impulse!



CHARLES ADDAMS

**T**HE question is debatable to be sure, but imposing evidence can be marshaled to support a conclusion that you are not the rational animal Aristotle originally conceived you to be. Otherwise why, when you come to a sign warning you of "Wet Paint," do you insist on touching the paint? Or why, when idly contemplating an electric fan, do you sometimes feel a strong impulse to shove a forefinger into it?

A corporal, riding comfortably along in an airliner between Pittsburgh and Chicago last winter, could not resist an urge to pull that little red handle and see whether the emergency door beside him worked the way instructions said it would. The door flew into space, leaving the airplane's 22 passengers caught in a freezing draft. The pilot had to fly them back to Pittsburgh for another plane. This one held only 21 passengers. By unanimous consent, the corporal was the one left behind.

A dignified businessman for years resisted the urge to turn the valve on the fire hose one commonly sees in a hotel corridor. One day he did so—and

broke his leg ducking down the nearest stairs in an effort to escape detection.

King Frederick IX of Denmark explained to his family in this fashion the irresistible impulse that came over him not long ago at the swimming pool: "For a long time I have had the most ardent desire to push the bath attendant into the pool. Today I did push him in."

Hundreds of unconventional urges of this sort overtake us. A few years ago a New York City bus driver got tired of following the same route day after day, so he set off for Florida in his double-deck bus. He made it, too.

Writers are expected to do odd things. I always salt my food before tasting it. Ida Tarbell saved string and wrapping paper. Bruce Barton hated to see medicine go to waste. "Whenever half a bottle is left around the house by any member of the family, I always finish it, with thus far excellent results," he reported.

Some people go over Niagara Falls in a barrel. Others write or carve their names on walls—an Italian restaurant in Chicago caters to this impulse to make one's mark by supplying its customers with colored crayons.

A part of the flourishing sale of 25 cent pocket-size books, not to mention other merchandise offered at a bargain, results from an irresistible impulse to buy anything cheap. The trouble is, you wind up with more than you need.

All of us at one time or another have these miscellaneous little itches to do something silly. I have talked to psychiatrists and others with an occupational interest in the human mind about what is at the bottom of it. One student of behavior who confessed to having a fascination for shoving hairpins into electric light sockets protested against reading any fancy Freudian meanings into the subject: "The real meaning is that people are fools."

While some of the impulses are held to be neurotic expressions of an unconscious desire to provoke trouble and be slapped down so the offender can feel sorry for himself, psychiatrists are largely of the opinion that an instinctive bid for power over everything including nature herself is involved in most of these little impulses. A sort of imbecilic imp momentarily gets the upper hand over reason.

One would think so, to observe the stunts people pull in automobiles. In view of the sense of power it gives the henpecked, hemmed-in, law-and-order-ridden fellow behind the wheel, a car may be regarded as modern man's last freedom. Who hasn't had the impulse to race by every car in a long line of traffic, or to speed up when someone tries to pass him. A psychiatrist friend told me how he succumbed to righteous indignation and deliberately blocked a poor chump who had the misfortune to be going the wrong way in a narrow one-way street. The impasse tied up traffic, but he was in the right!

As long as we resist them, our impulses are harmless—if we don't care about ruining the fine reputation with which Aristotle endowed the human mind.

Who hasn't, for instance, had the suppressed de-



*Idle and bored? Need stimulation and amusement? That feeling has gotten many persons into trouble*

**By GREER WILLIAMS**



*Now and then everyone has miscellaneous itches to do something silly*

sire to defy superior force and sock the boss in the eye, figuratively if not literally? We would like to tell him off in a few well chosen words. Few of us, of course, actually ever find ourselves following the path of Charles Laughton in the movie, "If I Had a Million." He responded to news that he had been left this sum of money by silently arising from his lowly desk and marching through the corridors right up to the front office. Without knocking, he stalked in before the Big Boss, stuck out his tongue, gave him the bird, turned on his heel and departed.

The late humorist, Robert Benchley, in contrast, had a great yen to be fired—but not in the usual manner, which in his case would have been by a magazine editor. He wanted to be discharged by the board of directors. To do so, he made suitable bets, dressed up in overalls, took a hammer, intruded himself on a board meeting and began beating an anvil chorus on a radiator. Over the din, which he refused to abate, he at last heard the chairman of the board yell, "You're fired!"

Some impulses involve no loss other than face.

For example, a farmer of Maroa, Ill., Herbert O. Marlow, decided last year to test the trigger-happy impulse of some hunters. In his bean field, about 100 feet from the highway, he placed a stuffed pheasant which he chose to call Oscar.

Mr. Marlow estimated that 200 hunters saw Oscar, stopped their cars. Two came to the house and asked permission to hunt on his property, as the law requires. The rest slammed on their brakes, grabbed their shotguns, leaped out and blasted away, oblivious to the law against shooting from the highway and to the sporting proposition that you flush the bird before shooting.

One of the most sensational sequences of events resulting from an impulse to do something you shouldn't took place in 1947 in an airliner flying from New York to Los Angeles. It was a bright October day and all was going smoothly as the airplane, carrying 48 passengers, passed over El Paso at 8,000 feet altitude.

Suddenly the airliner nosed over, started into an outside loop, dived for a time upside down and then

*He hates to waste  
medicine. Whenever any  
is left around the house  
he always finishes  
it, thus far  
with good results*



finally, when only a few hundred feet from the ground, rolled out in level flight. It then made a beeline for the El Paso airport and landed. The 48 passengers staggered out in various stages of bruised dishevelment, the most miserable-looking being the man who had been locked in the toilet compartment during this "unusual maneuver," as the Civil Aeronautics Board later termed it.

The CAB immediately impounded the airplane and investigated to ascertain what happened. There had been three pilots in the pilot's cabin—the pilot, who was making his first flight with passengers, seated in the pilot's seat at the left; the co-pilot, in his seat at the right, and an observer pilot, technically in command of the airplane, in the jump seat behind the pilot.

Sitting there with nothing to do, the observer got to wondering what effect it would have on the airplane's attitude of level flight if he pulled the gust lock lever near his feet.

The gust lock is a mechanism for holding control surfaces in a rigid position while the airplane is on the ground—thus keeping sudden gusts of wind from tilting these flat surfaces and rocking the plane.

But the observer wanted to know what would happen in the air. So he reached down and pulled the lever. With its elevators locked, the airliner now began to climb. Unaware of what had been done, the pilot pushed on the elevator control wheel. This still did not bring the nose down. Noting his puzzlement, the man with nothing to do decided to disengage the gust lock.

The nose dropped and the plane started into an outside loop. The overcompensation was so much that it flipped over on its back. Neither the pilot nor the observer was strapped in. During the ensuing confusion, their heads must have struck the feathering buttons

on the ceiling. Somehow, the propellers of three of the four engines were feathered, reducing the forward thrust. The co-pilot, who had his safety belt fastened, managed to roll the big airplane right side up and get it back under control.

For obeying his impulse, the CAB barred the observer pilot from passenger flying. In view of the number of foolish impulses many of us get away with, it must be admitted that he was singularly unlucky in his choice—or lucky, if you choose that view.

The question is, why do we get such urges? Why do such urges prompt us to throw good sense and caution to the winds? What, in a word, makes us so *stupid*?

We are not primarily concerned here with the insanely destructive impulses observed in those with suicidal or homicidal tendencies. When a youth swallows 40 razor blades, as one did in Chicago recently, it is regarded as evidence of mental disease, perhaps hebephrenia, a type of schizophrenia, or split personality, characterized by strange impulses.

True, this lad hedged a bit by leaving the wrappers on the razor blades, but there is no hedging when a man flies into a rage and murders his wife. In court, he may plead that he was overcome by an irresistible impulse. This is legally acceptable as evidence of temporary insanity if no premeditation can be proved and it is decided that at the time he could not distinguish between right and wrong. Psychiatrists commonly regard this impulse, carried out, as an indication of mental disease.

The accident-prone person, described by Dr. H. F. Dunbar of New York as a healthy, independent, restless, impulsive type, appears to

have impulses to chop himself up piecemeal. This was the case of a Marion, Va., furniture factory worker who lost a finger in a power saw. When he returned to work after this injury, the foreman asked him how such a thing could have happened. "Well," said the worker, "I was holding a piece of wood like this, and I pushed it into the saw like that and—damn it, there goes another finger!"

Another type of impulse involves a chronic lack of self-confidence. A Chicago Teachers College instructor asked her students what impulses they had. An astonishingly large number reported impulses, mostly of the following variety:

To hold one's breath passing every seventh building.

To count things—one's steps, posts, dishes washed, sheets of paper.

To type only when facing east.

To look under beds and into closets before removing hat and coat.

To go back and see if all cigarettes are put out.

To hook coat hangers on the rod all in the same direction, even in other people's closets.

To touch the four corners of the bed before getting in.

To push the elevator button though it is obvious others already have done so.

To wash the walls at every free moment.

To open any wrapped package, even if it belongs to someone else.

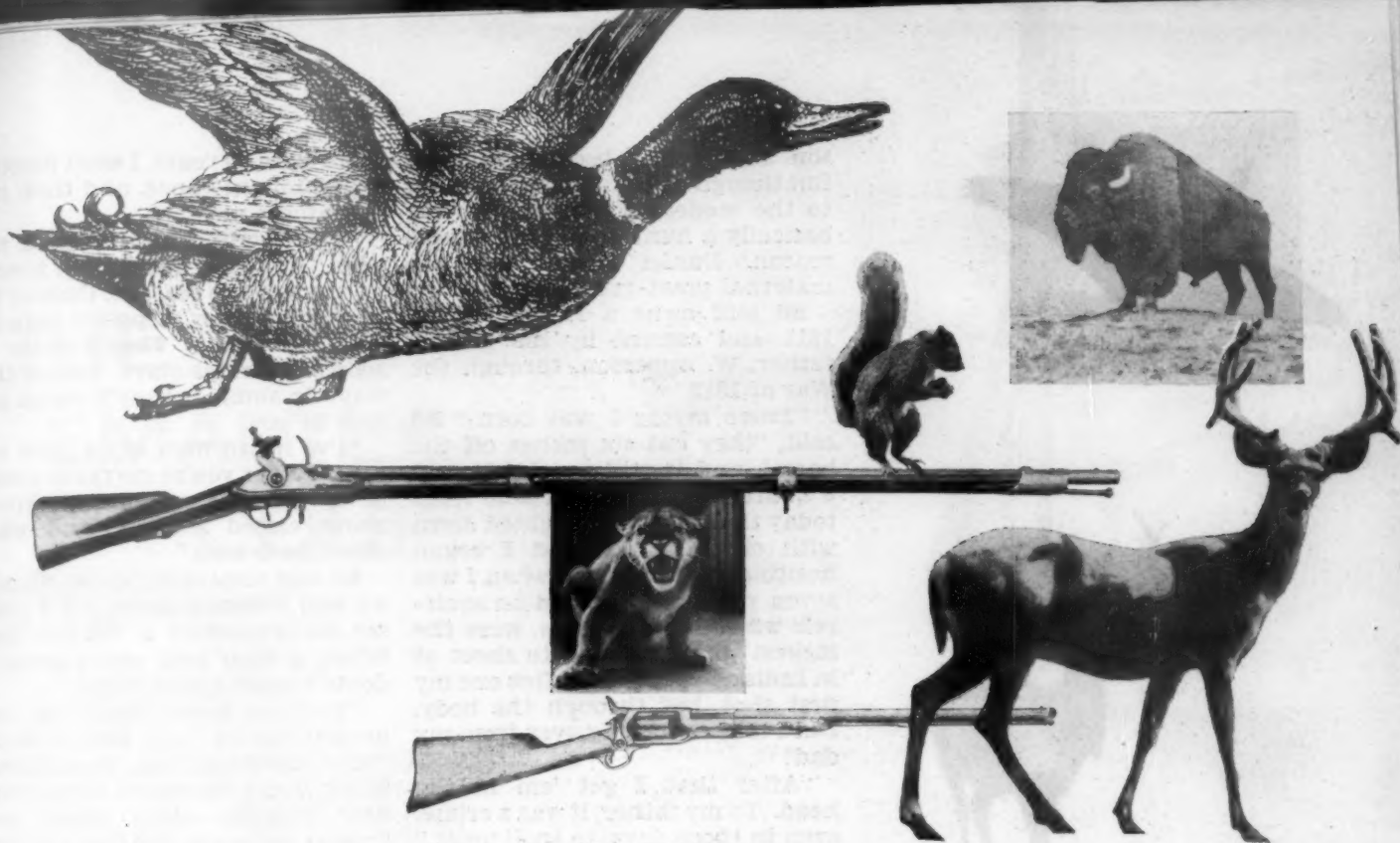
To keep small objects in drawers or on shelves in exactly the same position.

Such little aberrations of behavior are called compulsions. Some, obviously, are little more than deeply ingrained habits. All of us follow habit patterns, and some who don't feel too secure get reassurance out of never varying from them—thus producing the feeling that all is right with their world.

Other compulsions are more clearly of a superstitious nature, akin to primitive taboos and charms. Do you avoid stepping on cracks or walking under ladders? Do you knock on wood when you brag or spit on your fish bait for luck? You are not really superstitious you tell yourself, but with life the risky thing it is anyway, who wants to risk upsetting a favorable balance (which you would if you lost your confidence)? Not I—I toted around a silver dollar that I would not spend. Finally, I got tired of carrying it. Now I keep it in my traveling kit—I still can't

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EWING GALLOWAY  
CULVER SERVICE  
BETTMANN ARCHIVE

# Hunting comes naturally

By ROBERT E. PINKERTON



A COLONEL in the British Army once explained the thrill of shooting a moose after a guide had "called" it.

"You stand, or sit on a log," he said. "Your man's been grunting into his roll

of birchbark. Tiresome, you know. Waiting. Then you hear a crash of brush. You hear it again. Louder! The beast is closer. I never knew such excitement. Or better shooting."

"But colonel," I said. "The moose is coming into the open. He'll stop and look around for the cow he expected. Plenty of time to place your shot. Where's the thrill in that?"

"My dear chap! Because you don't know whether he'll come from the right or the left!"

I looked at him in amazement, until I saw he was wholly sincere. I asked a question.

"Colonel, did you ever go still-hunting for whitetails?"

"Still-hunting?" he said. "Never heard of it. And what is a white-tail?"

I explained how a man goes into the woods alone, how he may spend hours or even days moving silently,

watching always, matching his skill and wits against the cunning and wits of the Virginia deer, and often without success.

I tried to make him understand that a still-hunter earns his meat.

"Rubbish!" the colonel said. "Why bash yourself like that when you can use beaters?"

Since then I've never had any doubt why the British say "shooting" and we say "hunting." The difference is the same as between black and white. Through ten centuries, killing game in Europe was a well guarded privilege of the aristocracy, and it was made as easy and certain as possible. It was really shooting, without a trace of hunting.

In America, from the time the first settlers came ashore, killing game was a matter of necessity, and open to everyone. It was kill or go meatless, and for 300 years and 3,000 miles Americans hunted for food.

When other sources of meat became plentiful, Americans continued to hunt because hunting was a part of them. Scarcity of game and an inevitable swinishness have brought a touch of "shooting" to this country, but most hunters still like to earn their

game. It's inbred. It's a heritage. The hunter still has kinship with Daniel Boone.

Boone is a symbol in America, though thousands like him hunted their way westward. Anyone who got clear of the smell of the Atlantic had to hunt or starve. Thus the love of hunting became strong in Kentucky. I knew a Kentuckian, C. R. Johnstone, born during the Civil War. He left home early, hunted across Nebraska, Colorado, Wyoming, Idaho, Montana, Oregon, Washington, British Columbia and into Alaska, and never bought a pound of meat. One of his sons, when eight years old, shot a mountain lion. Another got his first deer at seven.

Kathie, the youngest, was a disappointment. She didn't kill a bear until the day she was 14.

C. R. Johnstone and his children were not so unusual. They merely carried on an old tradition by keeping ahead of civilization. But others, trapped by modern life, couldn't shake off the heritage, and they hunt whenever time and the law permit.

I've known many men with this inborn passion, but always at the top of the list is Edgar L. Apperson, who started to build his first automobile in 1893 and whose "Apper-



son Jackrabbit" became famous. But though he contributed so much to the modern motorcar, Ed was basically a hunter, and for a good reason. Daniel Boone was his maternal great-grandfather.

Ed still owns a rifle made in 1811 and carried by his grandfather, W. Apperson, through the War of 1812.

"Twice before I was born," Ed said, "they cut six inches off the barrel, and it still weighs 11 and a quarter pounds. Men who hunt today think they're weighted down with eight pounds, but I began hunting with that rifle when I was seven years old. Started on squirrels which, with rabbits, were the biggest things we had to shoot at in Indiana in the '70's. Got one my first shot, but through the body. Did I take a working over from my dad!

"After that I got 'em in the head. To my father, it was a crime, even in those days, to spoil meat."

There it is. You enjoyed hunting if you had that pioneer streak, got a thrill out of it and a pride in it, but it was still a business. Meat for the pot was the object.

Ed Apperson's second weapon was a muzzle-loading Civil War musket given to him when he was eight by his father, who had the rifling bored out. Thus Ed had a shotgun. Had he lived where there was big game he probably would have stuck to the rifle, but with ducks and birds plentiful he concentrated on them and was soon a crack shot. When delivering those early motorcars and showing owners how to run them, he did much hunting along the Atlantic Coast, in New England and in the Midwest.

He began on clay pigeons when 17 and wound up as one of the nation's top men at the traps.

**AS SOON** as the making of motorcars became remunerative, Ed bought a section of pine land in northern Wisconsin, went back to the rifle and, for the first time, to big game. He got his deer by still-hunting, became an expert. He retired when 55 years old, and for the next 20 years he continued to hunt, from pheasants in Manitoba to turkeys in Arizona, deer in a dozen states and elk and antelope in the West.

Now, at 83, he has sealed his arsenal but spends each summer in Wyoming, where he can watch elk and antelope and get a thrill when a pronghorn comes alongside and crosses ahead of him as the speedometer shows 55 mph.

Though I've known Ed Apperson

more than 40 years, I went hunting with him only once, and then just to watch a master.

"I'm not hunting my land this year," Ed said. "Had a lot of friends up the last two seasons. Usually the deer know they're pretty safe inside my fence. They'll come in soon's the rifles start. Smart that way. In summer they'll stand and look at you.

"I've heard men say a crow can see whether you're carrying a stick or a rifle, but a whitetail knows about closed seasons, and when shooting begins."

Ed said something about wishing we had tracking snow, but I could see he welcomed a harder task. When a man gets really good he doesn't want a sure thing.

"We'll go down river," he said as we started long before dawn. "Nice sharp morning. Sometimes I think that's the finest thing about deer hunting—early, when your fingers get numb and the cold bites your lungs. And the smell of fall woods! Shooting a deer seems the least part of a hunt. Or maybe it's all one thing."

**AFTER** light came we saw fresh tracks. Ed looked at them briefly. "Traveling," he said. "Too much lead flying yesterday. Not very big either. I know a place—"

We went two miles farther, turned west. Ed quit talking and walked cautiously, not making a sound.

We went up a slope through jack pine and near the crest Ed began to move with great care from tree to tree, finally stopped. For ten minutes he did not move. The basin below was an old slash filled with brush. Finally Ed stepped past his tree.

Next instant a buck broke cover with a tremendous leap. He was beautiful, outlined above the saplings.

I heard Ed snap off the safety, saw him lift his rifle. The buck jumped again, but still the rifle had not come all the way up. The buck was gone.

"I knew he was in there," Ed said. "I saw a bush move."

"A wing shot like you!" I said. "Even from the hip!"

"Yeah, I thought of all that. Was sure I could get him. Sure as a man can be about such things. After all the birds and ducks and trap shooting, I could have done it. But—"

He looked into the basin, where the buck had been.

"I took a chance once," he said. "It was like a ringneck blowing up in front of you, and I was a little



# MEET THE WORLD'S SMARTEST COUPLE



**Yuletide problems fail to foil  
The Kenneth P. McGuires  
Their Christmas greetings one and all,  
Go fast and safe—as Wires!**



*(There's no nicer, more impressive way to say "Merry Christmas" to personal and business friends than by Western Union Telegram, in special holiday envelope. The next best thing to being there!)*

**Youngsters on their list? You bet!  
And we can guarantee  
They'll have the Merriest Christmas yet,  
With thanks to Kenneth P.**

*(Santagrams, datelined North Pole and signed by Santa himself, are a special thrill for any child)*



**A welcome gift, indeed, is Cash  
For folks to get and spend it.  
The Ken McGuires play it smart—  
Let Western Union send it!**



*(You can send Western Union Telegraphic Gift Money Orders right up to Christmas Day! Delivered on beautiful special blanks)*

**No crowded aisle, no milling throng,  
Makes Kenneth's helpmeet nervous  
She uses Western Union's quick  
And easy Shopping Service!**

*(Western Union will buy the gifts you select . . . and have them delivered anywhere—gift-wrapped—with your message)*



**Good business friends in flocks will get  
Warm Cheer from Kenneth—he  
Sends Telegrams to wish those boys  
"A Prosp'rous Fifty-Three!"**



*(Just give your New Year's message and list of names and addresses—Western Union will do the rest!)*

*There are so many  
ways to say*

**"Merry Christmas"**

*with the help of*

# WESTERN UNION

late. Knocked a hind leg off. Just above the hock. I could see it waving, caught by a piece of hide. I tracked him three miles. Good snow. Blood every step. But at dark I had to quit on the edge of a big swamp. I knew he'd lie down. Get stiff. Wouldn't have a chance when the wolves came.

"Since that time—we've got too much in our favor, rifles and ammunition and a better brain. If you're shooting at a deer, or anything else, you got to be sure you're going to kill him—or you've got no business hunting."

Ed turned away, as if ashamed of his emotion. "Besides," he said, "this was a big buck, and we're two

miles from the nearest road. Let's get something handier."

An hour before dark, Ed Apperson got his buck, and he'd earned it. Did as fine a bit of stalking as I've seen. He'd maneuvered the whitetail into a spot where there was only one way out, and he'd caught him flat-footed, standing broadside, head up. You could feel that deer wondering what mistake he'd made, and where the hunter was. Ed said we'd pack him out, but within less than 100 yards we hit a road.

"No sense in lugging the brutes when they've got legs to walk on," Ed said. "Ralph'll drive down and pick him up."

As so often when I've talked with Ed Apperson, I thought of the British colonel and his thrill in shooting a love-sick moose that never had a chance.

Ed Apperson and C. R. Johnstone had generations of hunters behind them, but so have millions of Americans. Boys in small towns and on farms begin hunting early, and rarely stop. Grandsons of men who remember when we had no game laws wait impatiently for a season to open, and if they have money they travel far and expensively for a chance at game. The number of hunting licenses issued annually is now close to 15,000,000, which does not include the farm

## and in flew a dead duck



IN the past year more than 1,300,000 hunters spent at least \$3,150,000 and an astronomical amount of time on whistles, horns and other devices artfully calculated to imitate the many calls of the wild. Whether it be the chatter of an indignant squirrel, the lament of a lonesome wild turkey or the bel-low of a lovesick moose there is a call manufactured to simulate it.

For somewhere between \$1 and \$15 a practiced caller may speak to a bobcat or fox, deer, coyote or hawk in its own language. For the same price many a hunter is deluded into the conviction that he is doing so.

Most popular game calls are duck and goose. Last season more than 635,000 were sold. From thousands of blinds throughout the country they quacked and honked deceitful and beguiling messages that all was hot-sy-totsy down below.

Not all ducks respond to a regular (\$2) or a standard (\$3) duck call that will entice a pintail, red-head or widgeon. A mallard is most discriminating. A canvasback is a language snob. Some manufacturers profitably declare that it requires a de luxe (\$4 and up) call to speak mallardese or canvasbackia without a "low duck" accent. A wild

goose on the lam is even more expensive (\$5 and up) to inveigle with honeyed honks.

Next in popularity are crow calls. Last year 335,000 of them were sold at prices ranging from \$1.50 to \$2.50. Crow calls are used more often and longer than any other kind as there's no closed season on these birds. Besides, a crow is garrulous, truculent and at the same time sociable among his kind. This compels a caller to practice diligently on the informative nuances and the frequencies of crow language.

It takes an expert crow caller to caw something like: "Attention, Flight 61! Corn in south 40 now fully sown. Come and get it."

Not many moose calls are manufactured. Too few moose hunters. Besides, their guides prefer to roll 'em on the spot out of birchbark.

Commercially, calls are made of wood, hard rubber, and more lately, plastics. Each has its staunch adherents. Disparaging another guy's call leads invariably to heated argument.

Purchasers of calls are not mere enthusiasts.

Unless suppressed, they often develop a sort of game bird or game animal schizophrenia, imagining

that they have to think like a member of the feathered or furry species in order to make their calls perfectly.

This is noisy if harmless. Of late they have been further incited by a new accessory in this field, phonograph records of actual bird and animal calls to help them practice. Priced at \$2 and more, thousands of these records are being sold.

Callers practice their honks, caws, quacks, whistles, squeaks or bellows incessantly, often making the nights and locality unbearable. Sometimes drastic countermeasures are required, as in the case of one Scarsdale, N. Y., duck hunter who quacked away endlessly in his living room.

One dark night while he was concentrating on the mating call of the green wing teal, a real but very dead duck crashed right through his living room window. It landed almost at his feet.

For one ecstatic moment he soared the giddy heights of triumph.

Then he noticed a note tied to the duck's neck:

"Here's your mate. Please go away and lay an egg!"

—EMILE C. SCHURMACHER





## "ALL FIXED, TIP! NOW PROMISE YOU'LL STAY HOME?"

"YOU never get your feet hurt by nails or broken glass when you stay in our yard, Tip. If you want to keep out of trouble, quit wiggling under the fence!"

When the family pup has an injury, it's serious to just a few. But when your employees get hurt—either on the job or on their own time—the effects can be far-reaching in terms of production and morale.

Ask your friendly Hardware Mutuals representative about our 24-hour, 'round-the-clock protection for your employees.

About our workmen's compensation insurance that covers on-the-job injuries, and group accident and health insurance that covers off-the-job accidents or illnesses. About our *policy back of the policy*® that assures you fast, nationwide, day-and-night service. And about the \$110,000,000 in dividends we've returned to policyholders since organization.

Here's what to do—call *Western Union* by number, ask for *Operator 25*, and say you'd like the name and address of your nearest Hardware Mutuals representative. Why not do it now?

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*Stevens Point, Wisconsin • Offices Coast to Coast*

HARDWARE MUTUAL CASUALTY COMPANY • HARDWARE DEALERS MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY

lads who get rabbits and squirrels in the seclusion of their own north 40.

That is a lot of hunters, more than the population of the nation in 1830, when hunting provided much of our food. The supposition is that most of our wild life has been killed off, and once we did come close to that. We succeeded completely with buffalo and elk in the eastern states and with antelope in much of the West, with prairie chickens, and with wild turkeys in many areas. What can 15,000,000 hunters find to shoot now?

**TAKE** whitetails, a deer hunted for centuries and probably our most popular game. Authorities agree that in recent years we have more whitetails than ever in our history. In 1940, some 186,500 were killed in Pennsylvania alone. Recently more than 35,000 starved in a bad winter in Michigan, but hunters still got 100,000. New York, Wisconsin and other whitetail states have so many deer that some

Elk, originally common in all parts of the country and once approaching extinction, are increasing rapidly. They were exterminated in Arizona before 1900 but now exceed anything in the past. They're back in Utah and New Mexico, numerous in the Northwest and in western Canada. In a recent year 11,000 were killed in Washington.

Antelope, kissed good-by long ago, have come back so strongly that Wyoming issued 30,000 permits to hunt them a year or two ago. They can be hunted again in west Texas and in the Southwest. Montana has many. Bears, especially the black, are plentiful in wide ranges. Some states have too many. Moose and caribou show an increase in certain areas. Mountain goats and sheep can still be found in a few places but their chief home now is in the Yukon and Alaska.

Wild turkey are far more common than 50 years ago, especially in the East from Pennsylvania south and into the Southwest.

wildcats, foxes and others, are on the increase in many areas about the country.

How all this happened is a long story, going back to the last century. Individuals, then groups, began to fight for our dwindling game animals and birds. It was a long, tough battle, with growing sportsmen's organizations putting pressure on state governments. Many hunters were straight pioneer in their attitude. No one was going to tell them when and where to shoot. Those who squawked loudest against more stringent laws had done much of the damage.

When state game commissions and the federal Government began to show results by long closed seasons, restricted areas and better enforcement, men with the true hunting fervor saw the value of regulation and favored it. Then science stepped in to study diseases of game animals and birds, appraised the extent of available feed and conducted accurate surveys on which rise or fall of bag and head limits could be based. So well has this job been done, instances of overpopulation of game and consequent deterioration of animals have been discovered fairly frequently.

**ANOTHER**, and inevitable, angle is financial. Hunting today is big business. It moves people about a state and across state lines, and when people move today they scatter money. A state may put up large sums to provide more game, but license fees take care of that. The point is, business booms in several different lines. It is estimated, from government figures, that hunters now spend more than \$1,000,000,000 a year in equipment, travel, housing, guides' wages and a lot more.

A man in northern Wisconsin, with an old .30-30, may get his buck at a cost of 15 cents for ammunition, which is fine for him, and as it should be. But he has a cousin who went to a city and made good, and still must go hunting. The cousin will fly to Alaska with a couple of \$200 rifles and pay a guide \$1,000, just to get a Kodiak bear. And he'll think nothing of it. Or he'll fly into northern British Columbia, where he can shoot moose, caribou and grizzlies at a cost of \$100 per day for three weeks.

Costly, yes. But what isn't today? The point is, Americans, in their own way, have saved the game and can keep right on being Daniel Boones.



permit killing does because the woods are overpopulated.

Buffalo disappeared completely except on a few private ranches and in the Hay River country of Canada, but for several years Arizona has provided shooting of selected animals in its big and growing herds. But you must be a resident of the state and can hunt only once in a lifetime.

Grouse, though subject to cycles, hold their own, as do quail. Pheasant importations have spread through large territories and are so thick they are frequently killed by automobiles on the highways. Ducks and geese are more numerous than in the immediate past. Cottontails and squirrels will always be with us, to the boys' delight. Even predatory animals,



## PEARLS FROM HERRING



**BECAUSE** the lowly herring, caught in nets by the millions and dumped in dory bottoms, always thrashes furiously when transferred to the main fishing boat, a little-known industry has grown in America since World War I. The herring loses most of its scales in this struggle. These scales are the raw material for what the trade calls "pearl essence," from which come simulated pearls as well as pearl lacquer and other by-products. The lacquer is used as a finish on such products as fancy buttons, shoes, automobiles, toys, kitchen appliances and lamps.

The Mearl Corporation of New York City, a leading producer of pearl essence, sells about 10,000 pounds a year at \$15 to \$30 a pound, according to grade. About 100 people are employed in two plants, one at Eastport, Me., and the other at Roselle Park, N. J., and at a laboratory at Peekskill, N. Y.

A tiny crystal underneath each scale is the base of the pearl essence. The shed scales are processed at dockside plants. Speed in handling the herring is essential to prevent the crystal from corroding. Once this happens, the crystals lose top value, selling for \$1.60 to \$3 a pound. Processing involves various operations which include churning, straining and washing. The pearl essence is mixed with lacquer, with dye added for colors other than natural pearl, and applied by the usual means for paint or varnish.

Expensive simulated pearls are made in the same general manner as the irritated oyster makes the real thing: multiple layers of onion-skin thickness upon a glass bead base. To distinguish the oyster's product from a simulated one, bite it, gently; the real thing is rougher.—CLYDE CARLEY

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• *Quick facts that are eye openers, not necessarily to shippers, but to the general public:* Today trucks carry 75% of the total tonnage moved in America's commerce. The trucking industry employs over 5½ million workers—more than all other forms of transportation combined. More than 25,000 American communities

depend *solely* upon trucks for freight service.

In less than 25 years the trucking industry has revolutionized American transportation. Many businesses, maybe your own, could not operate a single day without truck service. Trucks go farther and more often to more places than any other transportation system. They link farm, factory and store and bring the products of all to the doorstep of every home. Practically everything *everyone* eats, wears and uses rides on a truck somewhere, sometime.

Talk about your business go-getter, truck transportation is America's champion!

*If they've got it...a truck brought it!*



**AMERICAN TRUCKING INDUSTRY**  
American Trucking Associations, Washington 6, D. C.

# Lessons from sales

*Here's the story of a department*

*store that capitalized on its shortcomings*

By DAVID L. COHN



**T**HE NEW ORLEANS department store with which I was associated many years ago was uncomfortable, unattractive, oblivious to the success rules of the chart-and-curve school of business.

Our store building was a crazy, rambling, gabled, column-cluttered structure, designed in the 1870's by an architect who must have been driven mad by absinthe or unrequited love, for it offended every canon of art or utility. Its two ancient elevators promised vertical transportation but often provided adventure. Sometimes whimsical and sometimes mule balky, no one ever knew what they would do under any given circumstance. The upper floors of the building sagged from weariness. The ground floor was constantly torn up in a losing battle with termites. Hot in summer, hard to heat

in winter, draughty, uncomfortable for employes and customers, the building was utterly inadequate to the volume of business done within its walls. But the store did well.

This was because most of its customers were women. A woman may be a bit of silken fluff at home, yet she will cheerfully face frontier hardships in search of a bargain. She is then deterred neither by heat, rain, snow, nor cyclones but, on the contrary, is spurred by obstacles that would discourage the boldest man.

We tried to offer bargains as frequently as we could. Indeed we had nothing else to offer. It is true that we occasionally dashed a little paint on the walls and made other repairs but the store never emerged as even a faint imitation of the *Palazzo Barberini*; nor was it as comfortable as the fifth precinct

police station where one was occasionally taken for speeding. We asked hardihood of our customers in return for bargains, and they gave it; some of them above and beyond the demands of duty.

They knew what they would face when they shopped with us and, one assumes, girded for the fray before leaving home. This might have kept away men, sissies that they are, who demand to be pampered when they shop. But the combination of bargains - hardships merely incited women to near riots on occasion.

Physically we were but poor relations of our competitors whose stores were comfortable palaces by comparison. Anyone could see this and note, too, that our fixtures were shopworn, our manners homey, our business without "side." These were the facts of our life, but



they were not dishonorable facts. We capitalized on our shortcomings by writing advertisements on one theme and varying it over and over. It was: Tinsel Belongs On Christmas Trees.


We told the ladies what they already knew from experience, so that our words had not only the ring of truth but also the charm of the familiar. We said that we not only had no doormen to greet them but felt happy to have doors. There were many other things that we did not have: fancy wrappings for packages, elaborate "powder rooms," free music, or appointments suggestive of the *Petit Trianon*. And then, since women are admirably rational creatures and far more realistic than men, we told them that if they wanted these things they had better shop elsewhere.

**B**UT we pointed out—and with no effort at subtlety—that you pay for tinsel in a department store. But can you take it home? Elaborating, we added that no label, however fancy, will keep you warm on a cold night; that we reduced costs to reduce prices; and, tilting against a strange American prejudice, that we were more concerned with the contents than with the package. If, then, a dollar saved is a dollar earned, a woman might raise her husband's salary by shopping with us.

The success of this theme was predicated on the assumption that women do not have to be pampered when they shop. One day, for example, we were having a first floor sale of rayon panties at 29 cents a pair—a heady bargain. Battling women grabbed them from the counters and from one another, sometimes tossing them high in the air in their bargain-inflamed frenzy, so that as they fell—rose, peach, maize, magenta, yellow, white—they made cascades of color.

As I watched the embattled ladies, one, fearful that she would be too late, attempted to leap over a patch of the torn-up floor. She fell into the open hole, and I was certain she would never be seen again. But not at all. The woman had clambered up out of the darkness before I could get to her. Then she hurled herself into the fray and, opening a gap in the crowd, dived for the panties.

On this same crowded floor we annually sold thousands of pairs of women's house slippers at low prices. There was no room to sit down to fit them. A lady shopper, therefore, of whatever age, shape,

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President

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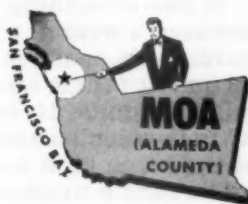
"AFTER an extensive study, Decoto, in Alameda County, was selected as the site for our new California Plant, which began operations late in 1951", says Mr. Claude S. Lawson, President, United States Pipe and Foundry Company.

"At this point raw materials can be advantageously delivered from their sources. These are effectively converted into centrifugally cast iron pressure pipe (our finished product) by a fine group of workers who live locally or in nearby communities.

"The plant is strategically located to serve the expanding market for cast iron pipe in the rapidly growing West Coast area. Shipments can be made by either rail or truck. Because of the plant's central location, time in transit is minimized and deliveries are promptly made.

"A friendly, cooperative spirit on the part of local governments, business groups and residents of the communities creates a very favorable atmosphere for a manufacturing plant."

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or size, went about it in her own implacably determined way as though she were Grant before Vicksburg. She simply took off one of her shoes and, standing, fitted the slippers. Her precarious equilibrium was maintained by passing shoppers who, jostling her now on the right and now on the left, kept her upright.

One might conclude from these examples that all women are eagle-eyed shoppers. It is demonstrable that they have more sense than men, but they are not free of certain illusions. Nearly every woman believes that if she had not "given up her life" to marry Herbert and raise his brood while nursing him through heartburn, she might have become famous as an actress, decorator, dress designer, dancer. (Who shall estimate the degree to which matrimony has impoverished our arts by snatching away the artists into the kitchen?)

Similarly a considerable number of women regard themselves as authorities on "antiques." By buying things for a song from farmers innocent of the priceless of the objects they sell, our ladies annually save their husbands enough money to retire the national debt. So most women think of themselves as excellent shoppers, and many are. But a large group is outside this category.

We found that many women shopped on the basis of price rather

than value. They might buy the higher-priced article rather than the lower-priced one on the assumption that the higher the price the better the article.

New Orleans was then known to the trade as a "home-sewing town." There, because of the continuing French tradition of handiwork and the low level of purchasing power, large numbers of women made their own clothes. Our store, consequently, sold a great volume of dress fabrics. Here we often encountered two difficulties.

One had to do with price-quality; the other with quality alone. Sometimes we might offer silk fabrics at \$1 a yard when the going price was much more. Then it was common to see shoppers become suspicious and ask: "What's wrong with these goods?" There was nothing wrong with them. It was simply that we had made a fortunate purchase at a low price and were passing the benefits on to our customers. Yet they had little faith in the merchandise because they had little faith in their ability to judge merchandise values. Occasionally—and much against our will—we could restore faith in our goods only by raising the price. Then they would readily sell.

**WE SOLD** pure-dye silk fabrics and weighted silk fabrics, the latter given weight, "hand," and a consequent feel of luxuriousness by adding salts of tin. The salts came out in the wash. We were faced by irate customers who, however, would not buy the better-grade, pure-dye goods, at no increased price, because they seemed poorer value than the weighted kind. If "hell hath no fury like a woman scorned," it has something like it in the person of a woman who has bought yard goods, made it into a dress, and finds it falling apart like a dunked doughnut. It takes a brave soul to face such a woman.

Instances of this kind could be multiplied in such a number as to challenge the legend that The Little Woman is invariably a demon shopper. Outside our own field, women paid a premium of five to ten cents a dozen for white eggs, and went on doing it no matter how often market specialists and nutritionists told them that the cheaper brown eggs were equally nutritious and tasteful. So, too, although the ladies bought the meat for the family, few could look at a cut and tell whether it came from a young steer or a tired old dairy cow whose productive days were over.

All this was important to us since ours was a "popular price" store. In those far-off days the South was the dumping ground for the North's shoddiest manufacturers, a condition that has largely disappeared with the section's rising prosperity. Southerners wore the lowest grades of clothes, drank the poorest whisky, used the most rickety furniture, of all great groups in the country. This was not out of choice, but of necessity, the reasons for which do not concern us here. A rather grim folk anecdote was illustrative of the fact. A boy would say to his father, "Poppa, I want me some new shoes for Christmas." And the reply would be, "Yes, son, and there's souls in hell wantin' water."

**NEW ORLEANS** was then one of the poorest cities of this poorest region of the nation. Most of its stores, in those days, were in the popular-price category, and they competed keenly for the trade of the most numerous group. But the customers whom we saw daily in our store were not, however, a cheerless lot as the poor sometimes are. Largely Latin and Roman catholic they had, for one thing, the magnificent cycle of feasts, seasons and penances of the Church; while for another, as Latins, they knew how to amuse themselves with small things. The warm climate made unnecessary items of clothing, heating, and heavy foods essential in a cold climate. Rents were cheap. Fish in variety and abundance came from nearby waters, and vegetables from nearby fields. Wine was commonly made at home by a population that knew its uses and loved its virtues. Our customers had little money but they were a cheerful, pleasure-loving, well-mannered group, and I came to have a special place in my heart for a band of girls who turned up frequently in the store.

They did hard, dirty work in a bag factory, toiling long hours for small pay. But on Saturday afternoons they would come trooping gaily in to buy dancing slippers at \$1.89 a pair, each girl tendering in payment her employer's check of \$6 to \$7 for a week's work. The slippers were to be worn at the most marvelous dance ever held since men first began to move to music with women: the dance of that very evening.

This being true, they had to match the dancer's dress; surely a garment fairy-woven although the girl herself had sat up three nights making it. The slippers, of



poor quality, would be danced to shreds by the time morning came. But what of it! There would be another paycheck next week, another dance, another pair of slippers, and joy singing in the leaping heart.

No one, seeing these girls, would subscribe to Bernard Shaw's fiat that "Youth is too good to waste upon the young."

If I was touched by some of the customers who came to our store, I was enriched by my contact with many of our employes, and moved by the deep courage that they displayed in their lives.

One day I stopped at the hosiery counters to chat with the saleswomen. Among them was Mamie Logan, a widow of about 35, who supported herself and her young daughter. An old employe, she had an excellent record. I observed that she was haggard, her eyes sunken within rims of darkness, and she was unable to speak above a whisper. But when I asked if she were not sick and suggested that she go home, Mamie said that she merely had a cold and would be all right.

I returned to my office unconvinced and asked a salesgirl to tell me the truth about Mamie's health. Reluctant and hesitant, she said that Mamie had tuberculosis of the throat, and feared that if this were discovered, she would be fired and could no longer support herself and her child.

Knowing this, I went to my employers, discussed Mamie's case with them, and we agreed on a course of action. Then I sent for the saleswoman and said that I had learned of her illness. She blanched beneath her pallor, thinking she would be fired. I told her, however,

that she was to go home; remain away from work for a year on full pay; and at the end of the time we would see what was to be done. I still remember with pleasure that this brave woman eventually recovered her health and returned to our employ.

There was Jules Kling, our drapery buyer, who was in a different category. As a young man he had owned a store near Plaquemine, La., and had gone into bankruptcy. Then, his debts legally expunged, he worked for three years in a sawmill until his creditors had been paid.

In Mr. Kling's department there was a young man named Joe who was a trusted employe. One day he turned up short in his accounts and here was Jules Kling, soul of honor, come to plead with me not to fire Joe. A succession of costly illnesses in Joe's family had subjected him to the overwhelming temptation to steal in order to pay his bills. We kept the young man and reposed a trust in him that he never thereafter violated.

The department store, as such, was a source of livelihood for me. But it was also a department store of life at whose teeming and varied counters I learned a great deal about people.

I GATHERED then, and I have never since felt obliged to revalue my impressions in the light of later experience, that while good and evil are inextricably mingled in the souls of all of us, good is the more often in the ascendant; that most men are honest; that they are courageous; that they are possessed of dignity; that they respond, like flowers to the sun, to courtesy and fair treatment; and that, so far as employes are concerned, their heart's desire—above hours and wages—is to be recognized and dealt with by their employers as human beings with trembling souls.

Ours was a small business and I am glad that it was, for this gave me the opportunity to know and understand many of those who worked for us, and, so knowing and understanding, to glimpse something of that forever ineluctable mystery called the nature of man. I was moved by what I saw and understood however shadowily; I was enriched by my relations with our employes; and so it was that when I left the store to embark upon another career, I left the people of the store with regret, grateful for what they had done for my spirit, and endowed with unalterable sense of human dignity and courage.



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## Custody for Christmas

(Continued from page 41)

deed and had the electric candles burning in the window. By George, he remembered hooking those up all right.

"I took a great deal of liberty," whispered Miss Fay, as they went down the stairs, "I do hope you don't mind. The—the bear—right in his drawer—he always carried it everywhere when I was here—I thought—"

**S**HE led him to the kitchen and her mother turned from the stove where she was basting something. "What a time we had getting the current turned on," she said, "without signing a new three-year lease!"

She was a plump woman with a round-apple coloring and merry gray eyes and she wore a printed dress of some kind and a big over-all apron.

"I thought we'd go out to the White Rabbit—" began Webster.

"Eat out at Christmas?" she laughed comfortably. "I haven't had as much fun in years. Those apartment kitchens are no fun. Can't even get a real turkey in our oven; can't do pies. It's a kind of delicatessen living, that's a fact."

"I thought we'd have the turkey tonight," said Miss Fay, "and open the presents in the evening—I thought Jon would be hungry from the trip and everything—"

"Just sit at the kitchen table and have some coffee," said Mrs. Fay, "while we make the salad and Sara sets the table. We knew you'd have the good silver in storage so we brought our own."

"But how did you think of everything?"

"Sara makes lists," said her mother.

Jon came in, quietly. Miss Fay said, "I don't think a couple of cookies would spoil your appetite, would they?" She set a plate of crumbly brown molasses cookies in front of him.

Mrs. Fay took out the turkey and asked Webster to carve it while she made the pan gravy, scraping the rich crusty bits into the smooth brown elegance. The turkey was brown and tender.

"I wanted goose," said Miss Fay, "but we weren't in time—I hope this will do."

"Turkey is my favorite," said Jon suddenly.

The cranberry sauce quivered in the bowl, the mashed potatoes

fluffed and swirled, Miss Fay took out light flaky biscuits, good for sopping extra gravy. Her face was rosy from the heat.

She covered the biscuits with a napkin and bore them in to the dining room.

Webster carried the turkey, Jon had cranberry sauce and olives and celery, Mrs. Fay had the gravy and mashed potatoes, somebody went back for the dish of baby peas.

"Jon, you light the candles," said Miss Fay.

Jon gravely struck the match, held it to the wicks, the tall red candles flickered, his face looked proud. They sat down and Webster felt he was in a dream as he looked across the table with the bright holly berries, the shining candlelight.

Mrs. Fay settled herself easily in the chair at the foot of the table. "Mr. Webster," she said, "if you've no objections, I will say our usual grace." She bent her head and spoke gently. "Dear Lord, we thank



Thee for the birth of Thy son who came to save us all. Amen."

"Now, Jon, drumstick for you," said Webster, suddenly remembering.

The talk was all at once very easy, inconsequential. Jon began to tell about school, what the Head said, which team was the best. His father told a funny story about a dog who could talk, Miss Fay made up a silly little rhyme about a man with a pink cat. Mrs. Fay cut the hot mince pie and laid a sliver of

cheddar on each. By the time they all helped clear the table, they were laughing at everything. They all did the dishes, too. Webster thought, it isn't living in a club, it's just keeping alive.

"And now we'll just peek in the library," said Miss Fay, as she whipped out the dish towel neatly. "You go ahead, Jon."

Jon charged ahead and flung open the library door.

There was the tree, shining with gold and blue balls, and draped with tinsel. Packages piled under it. A pink, pink angel flying on the top tip.

Webster couldn't speak, his eyes were brimming.

Jon came pounding over and, for the first time, grabbed his father around the neck. "Dad, you didn't forget me really!" His face was brighter than the tree lights, his eyes were dilated with excitement. He was the happiest small boy in the world.

What a Christmas! Jon opened presents, tissue paper crackled, ribbons made bright paths on the carpet.

Webster was flat on the floor negotiating the curves on the railroad track with real dash. Mrs. Fay tied her scarf on in a turban and pretended she was a gypsy and Jon screamed with mirth.

Miss Fay dabbed perfume on her ears and on Jon's forelock.

And then Mrs. Fay stood up and said, "I ordered a cab so we could go to the midnight service, may Jon stay up?"

**T**HE snow was beginning to fall, as it should, and the white flakes starred the deep night. Jon sat in front with the driver. The little church shone with light in the falling loveliness of the snow. The bell rang softly, sweetly.

Inside the congregation had gathered and the young divinity student minister was opening the Bible. Everyone nodded, smiled, the strangers were shown to a nice front pew.

The choir sang as the wheezy organ pumped valiantly.

"Joy to the world, the Lord has come!"

Only once did Webster remember Eve and then he thought about the night club and the drinking and the haze of smoke and the loud laughter. But that wasn't Christmas at all, he thought as he bent his head for prayer.

"Thank you, God, for the Christmas gift of my son." And as they filed out into the snowy night, he turned to Miss Fay.

"Merry Christmas, Sara," he said.



## SWITCHBOARD DIPLOMATS

EVERY day is a busy one for switchboard manager Nena C. Thomas and her 70 operators of the U. S. Capitol telephone exchange. When Congress is in session more than 55,000 calls are handled daily over the 2,100 line switchboard in the basement of the House Office Building on Capitol Hill.

At other times the daily average is 35,000.

After 38 years at the switchboard Miss Thomas can cope with any call. Operators, under her training, are switchboard diplomats.

One of the busiest moments occurs when the gong rings. While Congress is in session, this gong, or bell, summons the legislators to the Senate or House floor. There are more than 900 telephones in the congressional offices and, at the sound of the gong, nearly 900 voices want to know, "What's up?"

The telephone girls are well posted on what business the House and Senate are considering and can tell them. For roll calls, Miss Thomas and the girls each take on the responsibility of telephoning several congressmen. They can quickly trace most of them by telephone anywhere in Washington.

They're also tactful in finding out if a congressman wishes to speak to someone at the other end of the line or if he prefers to be "in conference."

Many people have the impression that the President attends every session of Congress. Some think he lives in the Capitol. When they ask to speak to him, Miss Thomas tells them to try National 1414. That is the White House.

Another frequently asked question is, "When's something exciting going on in Congress?" The answer is, "Congressional sessions are always interesting."

The newly elected mayor of a Texas oil town once phoned to ask where Secretary of State Dean Acheson bought his suits. He was told that it was protocol to inquire at the State Department.

One afternoon when Congress—and the switchboard—were at their busiest, an airplane pilot phoned while flying high over the Capitol.

"Just testing, sweetheart," he said. "How are tricks down there?"

In a calm, unruffled voice Miss Thomas told him.—E. C. S.



## Today it's only Half a Loaf

**YESTERDAY'S** dime bought a loaf of bread; today it buys you only half a loaf.

Yesterday's dollars that paid for a house and furniture, linens, silver, today have barely half as much buy in them. And the limits of fire insurance you bought to protect your investment in house and furnishings at yesterday's values are only half-protection today.

Half a loaf, to be sure, is better than none; and so is half enough insurance. But buying less fire insurance than today's values demand is false economy.

With building and furnishing costs soaring, chances are that if you haven't increased your insurance limits apace, a fire would find you tragically under-insured. Why not have your local agent help you determine your requirements—today?

• • •



Your local agent is constantly ready to serve you. Consult him as you would your doctor or lawyer. For the name of your nearest U. S. F. & G. agent, or for claim service in an emergency, call Western Union by number and ask for Operator 25.

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## 50,000 Gals and a Guy

(Continued from page 29)

Mr. Meyers surmised it would be when he expanded and added to his inventory.

When a woman answers one of the firm's ads, he sends her a selection sample kit. This is simply a sheaf of cards with the dresses shown in color, photographed on attractive models.

The prospective saleswoman sends no money, no references. The price range is from \$4 to \$18 and the sizes are from ten to 20. With the kit goes a chart which reveals the size of a dress according to the customer's dimensions. These sizes are admittedly average.

"But," says Mr. Meyers, "it's easy to alter each dress and we've never had any complaints about dresses not fitting."

**T**HE women make about 17 per cent profit on each sale. A good saleswoman can average about \$100 a month in her spare time and the promotional material that streams from the Cincinnati office urges her to greater efforts. At least once a month Mr. Meyers rallies his women to bigger and better things.

He offers prizes and bonuses, ranging from Thanksgiving turkeys to Hawaiian orchids. He sends out the company house organ, "The Voice of Fashion," with pictures of the girls and accounts of their doings. But he never runs contests. He doesn't want to discourage the smaller sellers. He simply offers premiums for quotas sold.

For instance, if a girl sells ten dresses in two weeks, she may get a dress herself; if she sells 25, something else plus the dress. If she sells 50 the bonus is still higher.

Percentagewise, he does better in the smaller cities—towns of from 5,000 to 25,000, because of the greater neighborliness in such places. His women are of all ages, but he has found that those from 28 to 45 are the best at selling, and the most determined.

"The ideal saleswoman," he says, "is somewhere between those ages. She is married and has two or three children. She reads magazines, has a radio and probably a television set. Generally the family has a car and owns its own home. I even know her weight—126 pounds—and her dress size is 16. Her husband is in what is loosely called the middle income bracket."

During the depression everybody

got into the act—wives of bankers, mayors, doctors, lawyers—people who ordinarily had good incomes but who had been hit by hard times. Significantly, many clergymen's wives sell dresses.

But depression time or boom time, the response does not seem to differ—the women want to sell. Recently Mr. Meyers got a letter from Saudi Arabia from the wife of an official of the Arabian-American Oil Company.

"We're just dying for some American dresses," this woman wrote. "If anybody gets one it's a cause of great envy among the wives here. I saw your ad and thought I could take care of this."

She certainly did. Before she was through—on her first round—she had sold hundreds of items to dress-hungry American wives, and received free dresses and cash prizes herself. She's still active and Fashion Frocks is doing fine in the Arabian desert.

It's even doing well with the Saudi Arabian Government itself. From the town of Jidda, where one government official lives, comes a steady stream of orders. But the dresses are put to novel use. Two



are opened up and sewed together to make a garment for an Arabian gentleman.

"Just why they come to us," says Mr. Meyers, "I haven't any idea. All such shipments are air freight and since each is F.O.B. Cincinnati it gets expensive."

The company not long ago sent a box of dresses, addressed in this wise: "Her Majesty, the Great Queen of the Jordan, Amman, Jordan." They had specific directions to include that "great" in there, too.

All sales are for cash, the usual procedure being for the saleswoman to take a deposit and deliver the dress C.O.D. There is no credit. However, the wife of an Alabama farmer devised a credit system of her own. She had many friends in a nearby mill town in the Birmingham area and they bought other articles on the installment plan. Since they could get clothes at stores on time payments,

this woman, to meet the competition, got financial backing and now runs her business on her own time plan. She is one of the better saleswomen, too.

But ingenuity seems to be a normal attribute of the salesgirls. When a woman in Ladoga, Ind., had an automobile accident that incapacitated her, she did business from her hospital room. She called her customers, invited them to come to see her and took their orders right there. And if it is true of the mailmen that "neither rain nor snow nor sleet, etc.," keeps them from their appointed rounds, it is equally true of the firm's girls.

**I**N A midwestern flood a woman whose house had been surrounded by Missouri River water took to her motorboat and made her calls. She sold her quota, too. So did a woman in Calhoun, Ky., who used a rowboat under similar conditions.

Good fortune, too, is taken in stride. In Colbert, Okla., a farmer's wife was doing a good business when an oil gusher was brought in on the property. She quit her job, but not before she got somebody to take her place. In Belle Rive, Ill., an invalid makes her rounds in her wheel chair. In Fort Payne, Ala., another girl does the housework for her customers while they look over the samples. She feeds babies, cleans, does the ironing—anything.

Other girls have sold dresses right off their backs, have pursued prospects to rooftops. Some haunt hairdressing parlors. Still others set up shop during their lunch hours and rest periods, in factories, or stand at plant exits at the end of the working day.

Recently a woman in Singapore rented the checkroom at the old Hotel Adelphi. She greets her customers as they come and go.

The firm's dresses sell even in that capital of style—Paris. They are sold in the lofty corridors of the American Embassy in the Place de la Concorde and in the Consulate. Thus it satisfies a craving on the part of girls on the embassy staff, as well as the wives of the embassy staff—a sizable clientele—for American goods.

The dresses have been especially welcome in such remote places as the Carolines, Okinawa, the Ryukyus, even Korea—anywhere the American military is stationed. There is a brisk business in Germany, Austria and Japan.

Perhaps the most unusual saleswoman is the wife of a medical missionary in the Belgian Congo. This woman sells to other white



wives in the vicinity; more, she uses the dresses in her missionary work: she gives them to the wives of her husband's flock.

The firm makes and sells about 2,500,000 dresses a year. The materials are cotton, woolen, rayon, nylon and other synthetics. To make sure of the quality the firm has its own fabric testing laboratory. The biggest business is done in the spring, when the sale of washable materials is large.

Mr. Meyers and his wife, Lucille, an attractive redhead, have three children — 21-year-old Phil, Jr., now a student at Harvard, and daughters Lynne and Susan. They live on a 227-acre farm 12 minutes' drive from the dress plant. Mr. Meyers has another farm near Chillicothe, Ohio, of 1,480 acres. On both he raises Hereford cattle.

His various other enterprises include a plastics manufacturing company and an X-ray equipment plant. He's also a director of the First National Bank in Cincinnati. Despite these operations, he finds time for fishing trips to Florida for deep sea stuff; to New Brunswick for salmon; to the Laurentians in Canada for trout.

But he still has enough time—and he expends it with a great deal of enthusiasm—to raise funds for practically every civic charity and to take part in most of Cincinnati's community activities. He's a director of the Cincinnati Zoological Society, a trustee of the Cincinnati College of Pharmacy, is on the boards of Cincinnati's Industrial Institute, Farmer's Club, Citizen's School Committee, the Better Business Bureau. He's also co-chairman of the Cincinnati office of the National Conference of Christians and Jews and president of the Jewish Hospital.

**THIS** interest in the welfare of people isn't just for public show either. Mr. Meyers never has had labor trouble. His International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union employees are treated like guests.

He is just as solicitous, in a mass way, of his 50,000 salesgirls. But they complain now and then. "That," he says, "is when we don't get shipments to them on time."

In the dress business you can't stock up too much at one time because of style changes. As a result, Mr. Meyers often finds himself behind the orders, which have to be manufactured after he receives them. So his girls scold him.

"You can't blame them," Phil says. "I always try to do better by them because they're the best there is and I'm grateful to them."

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# Help that male shopper

*Christmas shopping needn't be a rough ordeal if a few simple suggestions are carried out*

**T**HIS is the time of year when the American male goes on a shopping spree, and as exchange desks in stores throughout the country will testify, the mistakes husbands and sweethearts make when buying gifts are legion. With good intentions and generous impulses they manage to hang up annual records of some hits, some misses and plenty of errors.

Their mistakes are particularly tragic, say retailers, professional shoppers and salespeople, because the disappointments and heartaches they provoke could be avoided with just a little forethought.

Saleswomen are unanimous in acknowledging that men make good customers. When a man sees something that appeals to his fancy he is apt to say, "Wrap it up." Price rarely is the important factor it is with a woman. But the quality that endears the male customer to sales staffs often brings woe to the woman in his life.

To rectify some of the mistakes which so often have brought disap-

pointment, suppressed tears and unhappiness on Christmas morning, large and small store owners can do a number of things. Departments "For Men Only" staffed by top sales people can be set up. Many large department stores have done this. Stores, quick to recognize that the male visiting a woman's shop is apt to be shy and nervous, can set aside small dressing booths to insure privacy. Merchants can coach their salesladies in the idiosyncrasies of the male, instruct them to be tactful with the nervous customer.

When a man appears with a dreamy look and says, "I'd like something for my wife—something pretty," the saleswoman who takes him in hand must not only be expert at eliciting information, but at translating the answers into something that will please. But with the ablest cooperation on both sides, the wife is still apt to end up on Christmas morning with a gift she needs like a hole in the head.

In selecting a gift for a woman, a man wants glamor and femi-

By ANN CUTLER







ninity because that's the way he thinks of her, says Mrs. Jaffe, owner of Milady Shop, an exclusive accessory establishment in Huntington, W. Va. The average husband spends close to \$50 for a Christmas present for his wife, though sometimes the sky is the limit. Many a wife has been made ecstatically happy with a gift costing less than \$5. The price ticket rarely determines the suitability or pleasure of the gift.

A little intelligent thought, a little patience and genuine interest pays off with a gift that brings stars to the recipient's eyes, say the experts. It isn't lack of love or admiration but rather lack of knowledge and perceptiveness that is held responsible for most grievous errors.

"If wives could hear the things the men say about them when they're selecting a gift they'd be consoled no matter what was brought home," says Mildred Allen, head of the 721 Shop—for men only—at Bonwit Tellers in New York. "They all think their wives and sweethearts are beautiful. Ask a man what his wife looks like and he's apt to say, 'She's small but looks tall. She wears her hair on top of her head, has a pretty neck.' Or he'll explain that her eyes are blue-green and her figure 'wonderful.' This is especially true of the younger men."

Young men shopping for gifts know just how they want the woman in their life to look—always smart, sophisticated, beautiful. Many of them are original and daring in their selection. They choose snazzy cocktail dresses, the "different" belt, the lush colored sweater embroidered in sequins, the decorative handbag.

The somewhat older man is more conservative and sentimental in his gift buying. He's also more liberal. It is the man with the graying hair who says "I'll take it" when shown a diamond clip or star sapphire ring.

One of the wisest moves a man can make when Christmas shopping time rolls around is to go out and buy himself half a dozen of the magazines that carry gift suggestions. These will tell him what is being offered, the price and where it may be obtained. These suggestions frequently range from gifts for the house through the glamor lines of clothing and jewelry; not to overlook the hard goods such as electric toasters, blankets and combination radio and television sets. New products invariably are mentioned to further widen the gift possibility field.

When shopping for mother, all men are sentimental. They pick silks and laces, soft colors. Ma might prefer a good looking umbrella or some really nice sport gloves, but she usually ends up with a hearts and flowers type of gift. And many men prefer to make their purchases in an exclusive shop—even if it's only an inexpensive item. To a woman, they know, the label and the wrapping is important.

The most popular gift of all at Christmas is lingerie. Soft, glamorous and beautiful, it is the epitome of things feminine. Most women appreciate this type of gift. Except when it is black. For some reason, inexplicable to women, men love black underwear. Women hate it! The only time a woman likes to wear black lingerie is when she is wearing a black dress, and then she is apt to limit herself to a black slip.

When it comes to nightgowns, negligees and other fripperies, she prefers white or pastels. To most women black underwear is just a little sinful. In her mind it is connected with "another type of woman." And though she may wear her gift of black lingerie, it makes her feel like a "brazen hussy."

Another fetish of male shoppers is a predilection for marabou. Soft and fluffy, in appealing colors, it spells femininity. To a woman it's

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## RETAILERS AND SHOPPING SERVICES OFFER THE FOLLOWING RULES TO MEN SHOPPERS:

1. Find out what your wife or sweetheart really wants. She'll be a lot happier Christmas morning if she finds something she's been longing for.
2. Learn her size and measurements.
3. Consider the kind of life she leads when selecting a gift. If she lives in the country she obviously needs an entirely different wardrobe and accessories from the girl in the city who regularly goes to the theater and night clubs.
4. In buying wearing apparel be sure to consider her coloring. A delicate blonde will be overwhelmed by a heavily sequined dress; a tall brunette will feel silly in something pale blue.
5. Consider her natural tastes. Is she the type who'd appreciate one handkerchief of real lace? Would a first edition thrill her? Or does she like things that are gay and sophisticated, clothes that have dash?
6. Get information on what stores are offering in the way of gifts. Check the magazines that carry special Christmas gift columns.

The correct answers to the above will assure a Happy and Merry Christmas.

something that will shed all over the place. Besides, she's seen so many shows or movies in which the ingenue glides about in a gossamer affair, trailing yards of marabou, that she feels ridiculous when wearing the stuff.

The most romantic gift a man can give, and one that will be treasured through the years, is jewelry. Since this is a gift that is apt to run into money, retail jewelers and professional shoppers warn that a man would do well to get a little know-how before dashing off to the nearest jewelry counter. First of all an expensive gift should not be purchased at the last minute. Too often this does not allow the store to give the kind of service it prefers to offer. For instance, with enough time a jeweler can substitute a wife's birthstone

in a given piece of jewelry, a monogram may be engraved, or a design slightly changed.

One of the lovable qualities of male shoppers in quest of jewelry is that when they ask for a "gold bracelet set with amethysts" they mean the real thing. It's only the price, which at times sends their eyebrows up to their hairlines, that keeps them from buying the most expensive gems available.

Few men realize that in jewelry as in clothes, style plays an important role, says the jewelry buyer at Bergdorf Goodman's of New York. Most men like fragile pieces—a hangover from the type of jewelry their mothers wore. The modern trend is toward opulence. Bulky, striking pieces are more in keeping with the current fashion dictates.

Another thing a man should re-

member when buying jewelry is that the wearer will want it to match pieces she already may have. If she has a gold necklace set with rubies, she will appreciate a pair of matching earrings or a bracelet that blends in. Women, incidentally, almost never exchange or return a gift of jewelry.

A mink coat is considered by most men as the gift de luxe. And indeed it is a super gift. But—and few men will believe this—there actually are women who, on receiving a mink coat, have difficulty concealing their unhappiness.

Because there is a good deal of the small boy in men, they love the idea of playing Santa with a new mink on Christmas morning. The only thing wrong with the picture is that women have very definite ideas as to how their fur coats must look and fit. Just mink isn't enough. It must have the kind of sleeves, collar, back fullness she may have been dreaming about for months. Leave out one detail and the coat might as well be rabbit for all the joy she'll get out of it.

Because a fur coat is an investment, fur merchants say it should not be selected in a hurry. Nor should it be altogether a surprise. Many department stores draw up a sketch of the coat the husband tentatively has selected and gift wrap it in a large coat box. This gives the woman a chance to come in, try on the coat, suggest the details she prefers and make sure it is exactly what she wants.

This may come as something of a shock—but not all women are the mink type. Or so say the stylists.

The average woman, retail fur people counsel, is far better off with a coat of a simpler fur. A woman wearing the wrong type of coat is not chic no matter how much money it costs. For the woman whose existence is centered in raising a family, with a simple round of pleasures for diversion, a beaver, seal or Persian lamb—smartly styled and well made—is far more suitable.

In buying clothes or intimate apparel for a woman there are many ways in which a man can make a mistake. A man may walk into a shop, look around, and a bit diffidently confide he'd like to buy a present. Pressed for details he'll reveal that he'd like "a housecoat. Something nice."

"What size?" asks the salesgirl.

"Size?" The average man shopping for a woman acts as if he never heard the word. Nine times out of ten he'll say, "She's just your size." Or he'll look around, pick out a small brunette or tall blonde and



point determinedly. "She's just that size." He's always wrong! Any experienced salesperson knows that the chances are the measurements of his wife and the girl he picked as "just her size" are quite different. In this situation the salesgirl will be wise to attempt to get a picture for herself.

"Is your wife heavy about the shoulders?" she'll ask, meaning "Is your wife large through the bust?" Other pertinent questions are, "How tall is she?" and "How much does she weigh?" The answers give a good idea of the type of thing the wife can wear. In choosing clothes height is particularly important. The type of outfit a tall, slim size 12 can wear is quite different from what a small, plump 12 will look well in.

Store owners say that nowhere does thoughtful salesmanship pay off as when dealing with male customers. Most men incline to lean heavily on the opinion of their saleslady.

"Do you like it?" they ask meekly. When guided, with tact and firmness, toward a really excellent choice—a gift that makes a hit at home—the man becomes a fan. Year after year, he'll return to the same store.

It's at the perfume counter that men really go astray. By the time he reaches this haven he is apt to be groggy from shopping and slightly woozy from all the lovely smells. The exotic names, the chichi atmosphere, the svelte salesgirls throw him into a dither from which he rouses only when he finds himself on the street clutching a bottle of "Je t' Adore."

Asked for the name of the perfume he'd like to see, the average man pulls a blank. If he does come up with something it's a perfume that has been popular 30 years.

Enchanted with the names on bottles, most males receive a quick French lesson and walk out with something that sounds a little risque or amorous. Sometimes it smells nice, too.

Most women like something new and welcome the gift of a sophisticated perfume. The important thing to remember in buying perfume is whether she likes a light or heavy scent. If she's the sports type or if she's a small delicate person she definitely needs a light perfume. On the other hand, if she's sultry and dark she may revel in a perfume that reeks of come hither. It is always safer to err on the light side.

And it's also always safer for the male to go out armed with a little know-how when he seeks a gift.

## The TIMKEN-DETROIT AXLE COMPANY moves into a 650,000 square-foot plant in PENNSYLVANIA

No. 39 of a series . . .



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## How Great are Labor's Powers?

(Continued from page 33)

reluctance and over a number of years. The climax of this process may well be the condition called co-determination, the joint management of business, for which the German labor movement is now waging so vigorous a fight.

The political powers of American organized labor are harder to gauge. This is partly because the labor movement in its present strength is still young. No one knows whether there is a labor vote and, if there is, whether union officials can deliver it. The failure to persuade Congress to repeal the Taft-Hartley Act throws some doubt on the unity of labor thinking.

But when all is said and done, the fact remains that our unions increasingly have engaged in political activity; they have ample resources in men and money, and the tens of thousands of local organizations scattered over all parts of the United States lend themselves peculiarly to the building of an effective political machine.

**F**OR the acquisition of the powers and influence which it now enjoys, organized labor owes a great debt to the federal Government and several of its agencies. Many of the 10,000,000 members entering unions since 1935 were gathered by means of traditional labor organizing campaigns. But a large number were brought into unions by the National Labor Relations Board and the methods by which that agency interpreted and applied the Wagner Act.

In the early years of this statute, rulings by the Board effectively silenced many employers and made it impossible for them lawfully to communicate their views about labor organization to their employees. Much evidence exists to show that the Board lent the weight of its authority in assisting unions to organize. The elimination, by board rulings, of the leading company unions—whose place promptly was taken by CIO and AFL unions—illustrates the value of such aid. Violence, particularly in the form of sit-down strikes, also played a large part in organizing labor, since it was the sit-down that paved the way for the unionization of the rubber and automobile industries.

During the war, another government agency, the War Labor Board,

contributed further to union strength by sanctioning a limited form of compulsory membership, known as the maintenance of membership rule. This decision, a long step toward the union shop, requires men once they are union members to remain so. However, since the maintenance rule usually provided an escape period, during which employees could drop their union membership, it followed that, in even heavily organized industries, a substantial number stayed out of the union.

This state of affairs was a thorn in the flesh of organized labor which continued its agitation for unlimited compulsory membership. This year a railroad emergency board and later the Wage Stabilization Board in the steel case recommended that employers grant the union shop. Whether or not this recommendation is promptly followed, those opinions have given impetus to the union shop movement, assured unions a substantial rise in membership and further fortified their position.

If these are the existing and potential powers of labor, what problems, if any, do they raise? What difference does it make how strong unions are? In the minds of



many people who regard unions as humanitarian movements and as instruments of social reform, the more powerful they are, the better. Because of this view unions have received special consideration in the law and much of their conduct is accepted without close and critical scrutiny. For the same reasons, unions, which are economic combinations of labor, are not subjected to the same standards of behavior and regulations to which analogous business combinations are required to submit.

In our society, as in all societies, there are inevitable conflicts of interest and of goals. The test of the wisdom of public policy is the success with which it accommodates these interests and protects accepted objectives. There are obvious points at which common union practices conflict with other

and superior interests. Where this is so, as for example in the use of violence in organizing or in picketing, the union practice must clearly give way to the superior public interest in law and order. There are likewise private interests which, under the principles of our system of government, are closely identified with the public interest and, as such, are guaranteed protection and preservation.

**F**OREMOST among these are the rights of private property and the freedom to manage an enterprise. These are basic rights which constitute the foundation of our economic system. No constitutional mandate permits either the Government or any private institution to act in such a way as to destroy these rights. When, therefore, an institution like organized labor is granted or claims for itself powers which are calculated to whittle these rights away, a genuine and far-reaching conflict of interest results. It is the responsibility of public policy to resolve such conflict.

That is what Congress undertook to do when it converted the Wagner Act into the Taft-Hartley Act and thereby, among other things, more explicitly reiterated the employer's right to freedom of speech and protected some of management's prerogatives by denying foremen's unions the privileges accorded to other unions. The Act includes numerous provisions of this character, but it leaves untouched the major question of what limits, if any, there are or need be to labor's total power.

On the same footing are the relations of unions to the rights of individuals and minorities. These issues are at the bottom of the current controversy over the union shop in steel and other industries. A large, if unknown, fraction of employees do not belong to unions and are unwilling to join.

Under the latest phase of our public policy, all of these will in time be compelled to belong to unions, whether they like it or not. Compulsion of this sort and on this scale is evidently a new departure in our public policy. What it amounts to is the progressive eradication of nonunion minorities by forcing them into private organizations. If this becomes the ruling principle of our political life—which as it stands today assumes that minorities have the right to survival—we would be witnessing a revolution in the theory and practice of government.

Similar problems arise in the re-



lations of members of unions to their union administration. A recent study by an American student of democratic processes in the gigantic transport workers' union of England (Ernest Bevin's union) concludes that the rank and file are seldom consulted on most matters of union policy. The same is generally true in this country.

A New York State Commission which in January issued a critical report on the internal operation of the AFL longshoremen's union was denounced roundly for interfering with the private affairs of the union. This is bound to happen when private organizations are granted or acquire on their own excessive power. The mild inhibitions which the Taft-Hartley Act imposes on unions in this regard are not equal to dealing with so large and universal a problem.

There remains the fundamental question of how most effectively to protect the public interest in the face of strikes which cut off essential goods and services. The steel strike was such a stoppage. To a lesser degree so was the oil strike of early summer.

**SINCE** the end of the war we have had a succession of crippling stoppages in both coal and railroading. This whole business of how such strikes can be prevented has been the subject of endless debate, which has centered mainly on the alleged deficiencies of the Taft-Hartley Act's emergency provisions. But the discussion has been futile because there is little to choose between the emergency provisions of Taft-Hartley, which many condemn, and those of the Railway Labor Act which many approve. The provisions of neither have worked, and no conceivable new ones are likely to work. The heart of the trouble is the power of national and local unions. Until that power is dealt with we cannot expect relief through the magic of cleverly drawn emergency measures.

Building the power of private organizations is an arduous undertaking. It cannot be done without the sanction and assistance of government. When the federal Government decided to act as sponsor of the labor movement, which is what it has been doing for many years, it had little understanding of the route it was taking and of the cumulative consequences of its policies. Now these consequences have become clear. The next problem is when and how to reverse the policies responsible for conditions as they now exist.

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# Life's gambles are their facts

*No rough estimates are made by life actuaries . . . only dead reckoning based on many generations of statistics*

**W**HAT are your chances of reaching a ripe old age? Well, they're practically perfect if you happen to be tall, thin, with white skin and dark hair; if you married young, live in a large city in a temperate climate and cling to temperate habits, have a sedentary occupation which brings you a fair income but little fame; and if you had the foresight to have had parents and grandparents of Scottish descent who lived to ripe old ages themselves. If your sex is "f" instead of "m," add a couple of years for yourself.

Who says so? A fellow with a flair for figures who is called an actuary. On his say-so are based the insurance rates we are charged to protect ourselves, our families and our firms against the costs of death, disaster, disability, dishonesty and all the other adversities that make human life a gamble.

Oddly, although the actuary is the sworn enemy of the generalization, a generalization seems to fit him. He would deny that there is a "typical" actuary; yet there is, and even he would recognize him.

He is a college graduate—Bachelor of Science, *summa cum laude*. A Phi Beta Kappa key rests on his slight paunch. He completed his actuarial examinations at 36. He is a crack bridge player and also is addicted to chess and crossword puzzles. Tennis, more often than golf, is his game, and he plays it with a grim, mathematical precision. He keeps a budget, can tell to a drop how many gallons of gasoline his car consumes per mile, and he is the office authority on income taxes. He quits active participation in business at 64, retiring to a state which one actuary calls After Math.

The first requisite of an actuary is a proficiency in mathematics.

Thus endowed, one must pass a series of eight examinations, including algebra, differential and integral calculus and the theory of probabilities. In any one year, four of every five examinees flunk. In the last year on record, only 81 of 661 who took Exam No. 1 passed it.

After a person has passed six of the tests he is an Associate of the Society of Actuaries. After passing the eighth, he is a Fellow, and his salary will be between \$6,000 and \$7,200 with chance of rapid advancement. There are approximately 600 Fellows and about 650 Associates.

Until recently there were two life insurance societies—the Actuarial Society of America, organized in 1889, and the American Institute of Actuaries, organized in 1909. For years the two were not on speaking terms. Now, however, the two are merged in one harmonious fraternity.

There is also a casualty insurance body—the Casualty Actuarial Society of America, organized in 1914. It would be easier to explain the difference between life and casualty insurance if, like the British, we distinguish between "insurance" and "assurance." Loss of life, they explain, is a certainty for every man, and he should assure his family that they will not suffer unduly in its consequence. In contrast, such casualties as bodily injury, loss of or damage to property are misadventures that might never occur to some men, though all should insure themselves against their possible occurrence.

The physician assesses us with a stethoscope, a banker by the soundness of our credit, but an actuary judges us by a set of tables that have evolved from generations of observation. As one life actuary put it: "With us, there are no rough estimates—just dead reckoning."

By his mournful numbers an actuary can tell the odds on your wife presenting you with twins, triplets or quadruplets; the chances of your coming to your end in an automobile, railway train, airplane, or at the foot of your cellar stairs.

The actuary is generally a shy fellow who ducks behind his formulae rather than expose himself to publicity by using everyday language. However, he is not lacking in a sense of fun. During a recent actuarial powwow, one Fellow drew attention to the slightly arresting fact that the taller the man, the more life insurance he buys. Thereupon a tall Fellow arose to hazard an explanation.

Said he: "It has always been my impression that a small man requires more protection than a big one. There is something about a short person that reminds me of an industrial policy. Perhaps it is the small face amount. It would be interesting to know the lapse rate among short men as compared with that among tall men. I should expect that lapses are lower for short men, especially when they stand up. After all, though, no one should be surprised that short men buy less insurance. All a short man needs is a check for a short bier."

The profession boasts an illustrious past. The original actuary was probably John Graunt, a seventeenth century Londoner who happened to be a haberdasher. He was the first man to compute a table showing the probability of duration of the average life. His tables were based on the so-called Bills of Mortality, the first set of vital statistics, drawn up to placate public feeling by ascertaining the correct number of deaths caused by the Plague of London. He published his mortality table in 1664. King Charles II was so pleased that he made the humble haberdasher a Fellow of the Royal Society.

One of the earliest contributors to actuarial science was Dr. Edmund Halley, astronomer and mathematician best remembered for his discovery of the comet which bears his name. He computed a mortality table based on vital statistics he obtained in the city of Breslau in Silesia.

Another actuarial hero was James Scott, the Duke of Monmouth, known as "the handsomest man in the world," and a pretender to the British throne. James spent much time in Holland, where he studied the work of John De Witt, a pioneer actuary. He became convinced of the merits of life "assurance" and on his return to England



talked of this fine new enterprise. His countrymen would have none of it and chopped off his head.

Antoine Lavoisier, the great French chemist who first compounded bicarbonate of soda, proposed to his countrymen a plan not unlike modern group insurance. Daniel Defoe, creator of "Robinson Crusoe," proposed a kind of annuity for the aged. Ill fortune seems to have dogged the footsteps of these pioneers, for Lavoisier had his head lopped off during the French Revolution and Defoe was sentenced to prison.

Benjamin Franklin is regarded by American actuaries somewhat in the light of a patron saint. In 1772, in *The New England Courant*, he wrote the first article on the subject of life insurance published in America. He advocated social security more than 150 years before its enactment into law and founded the first successful fire insurance company in America, known as the Philadelphia Contributorship.

It was probably inevitable that the actuary, having applied his slide rule to everybody else, should one day turn it on himself. This an actuary in Hartford recently did. He announced that the death rate of actuarial Fellows has averaged only 80 per cent of the rate of the general population.

Being an actuary is nice work.

—GEORGE MALCOLM-SMITH



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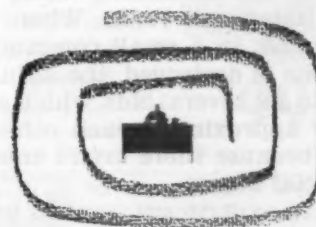
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## New Help for Victims of Disaster

(Continued from page 43)

burning cotton—about 1,000 bales—into the river. Rivermen, knowing they'd be entitled to 25 per cent salvage, corraled the bales and tied them to the river bank. USC paid off and salvaged 65 per cent.

Salvation might be a better word than salvage to describe USC's work. Since its inception, it has been saving victims of disaster. Even though an inventory may be fully insured against fire, the owner who sees his hopes and aspirations go up in flames is distraught. The USC representative's first act on arrival is to calm and reassure the owner. USC then takes over.

Sometimes taking over isn't simple. In a \$15,000,000 Firestone rubber stockpile fire, USC found a large quantity of undamaged rubber in the ruins but no logical way of getting it out. A combination strip and placer mining venture was finally devised. Powershovel scooped the debris into small piles while streams of live steam removed foreign matter.

This "mining" experience came in handy in recovering thousands of cases of beer when the roof of the Hollywood Race Track fell in after a blaze.

USC has become a kind of wholesale house for distress merchandise; it helps the insured in all parts of the country to dispose of damaged articles and serves as a focal point where bargain basement buyers, junk yard proprietors, and auctioneers can satisfy their needs.

Adherence to strict competitive bidding is the reason for USC's success in merchandising what the uninitiated call junk. When two cars crash in a small community, and one is destroyed, the adjuster tries to get several bids, which generally approximate each other in price because there aren't enough potential buyers.

As an experiment, several years ago Mr. Cooper had a "total loss" car towed to Spokane from a small

town in Montana where only three bids had been received. After deducting towing charges, he found that competing buyers had exceeded Montana bids by \$300.

As a result, Mr. Cooper told a group of auto and fire loss men who met in 1947 at his San Francisco office: "What auto adjusters need is a number of central depots where total loss vehicles can be accumulated and periodically sold to the highest bidder."

Auto and fire adjusters were enthusiastic. Mr. Cooper opened a trial depot in San Francisco.

The plan works this way: Whenever an insurance company has to

first. His principal problem proved to be getting the cheerful imbibers home safely.

"Bargain day at Ohrbach's" is the way another USC man describes a scene on his arrival at an intersection where a shoe truck had overturned. People were scrambling in stocking feet frantically hunting shoes of their sizes.

Big fires offer challenge and excitement but USC's volume comes from the "corner grocery" type; inventory recoveries are small and must be shipped to a branch warehouse.

Customers calling at a USC office the first time may confuse it with a license bureau; walls are covered with certificates and permits for the sale of liquor, automobiles, foodstuffs, hay, grain, and cotton. One certificate states that USC

agents are bonded warehousemen.

To get better prices, USC utilizes psychology. One branch manager had difficulty selling suits from which the odor of smoke had been removed by dry cleaning. Prospective buyers thought they were secondhand. Today he offers suits "as is" and collects more money.

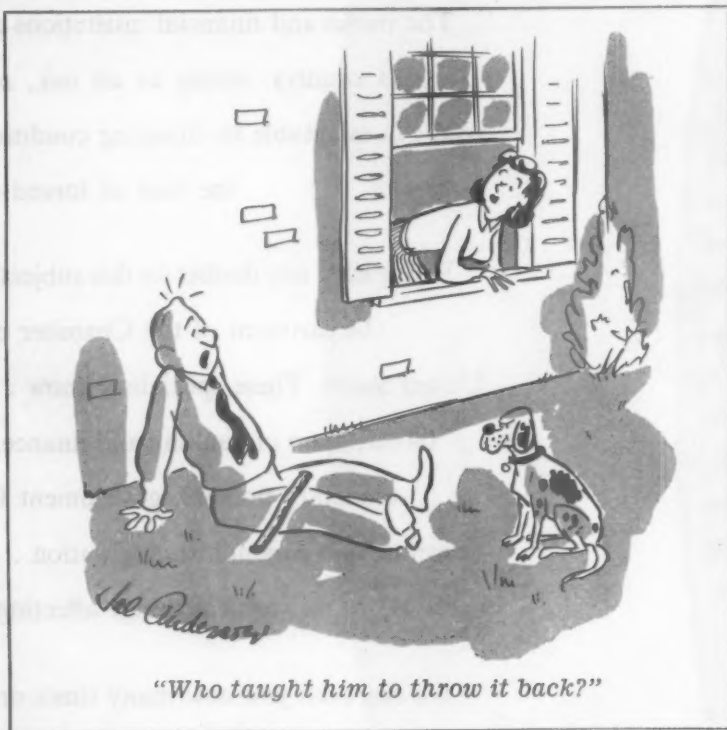
Another manager upped the take on burned yardage by having scorched edges trimmed off by experienced garment cutters.

USC doesn't attempt to restore salvaged items to their original condition, but does undertake to prevent further deterioration. Know-how is essential. Wool must be

dried slowly. Lighter fabrics may be dried hurriedly with hot air. Cold air is used for drying furs. Cloth garments are hung on hangers and dried naturally to prevent shrinkage.

Rube Goldberg contraptions aid reconditioning. Steel wool attached to the end of a shoe makers' lathe removes rust from cans; an automatic measurer folds soft goods in yard lengths as it comes from the drying oven; conveyers carrying materials through dryers are adjusted to drying time.

Where does USC get its personnel for this bizarre business? From everywhere. Mr. Cooper says: "Let me get my hands on a man for six months and he's a salvage man for



"Who taught him to throw it back?"

pay total loss on any unit of automobile salvage the adjuster fills out a form instructing that salvage be picked up and sold by USC. When enough units are collected, notices are sent to prospective buyers and selling is accomplished by sealed bid or auction.

The trial depot proved so profitable that within a year three others were founded. Today USC has nine depots in the Pacific Coast division and is contemplating similar locations throughout the nation.

Some situations present unusual problems to USC representatives. One time an agent arrived at the scene of a winery fire to find that a good part of the local populace, armed with containers, had arrived



life." The work fascinates men. Agents act as salesmen, fire-fighters, engineers, and even sleuths.

Recently, USC men helped to catch a ring of auto thieves who thought their scheme foolproof. From USC the thieves would buy a totally damaged car. Then they'd steal a car of the same year and model as the damaged one. Into the stolen car they'd put the engine from the damaged car. Thus, the stolen car had an engine for which they could show a pink slip. The racket worked perfectly until a sharp-witted employe of the National Theft Bureau noticed that auto thefts increased sharply after each USC total-damage car sale, and he asked the San Francisco office of USC to check.

Sales records showed that a large number of totally damaged cars had been delivered to a single address. Suspects were arrested.

**I**N THE old days fire-fighting was an ax-slinging, water-shooting job. Firemen often did more damage than the fire. Today such cases are rare. Fire Departments have found that low fire insurance rates establish good public relations with taxpayers. Sensible fire-fighting allows the greatest salvage.

In Twin Falls, Ida., the fire department turned a smoldering seed warehouse over to USC and, minutes later, was at the scene of a four-alarm fire. With hoses left by the fire department, USC men fought fires that blazed up. Two months later they were still fighting fires that broke out as salvage operations released combustible gases.

Cotton fires require special handling. Hollow cotton fibers contain enough oxygen to keep fire smoldering indefinitely within a bale. Yet, the exterior is so compact that rapid water penetration is impossible. USC mixes a dish washing detergent with the water. This decreases the water's surface tension and makes it penetrable. The mixture, which they call heavy water, is maintained in pumper trucks on 24 hour call at Fresno, heart of California's cotton belt.

In contrast to the urgency which governs handling of a cotton fire, greater salvage can be obtained in the case of a fertilizer warehouse fire by letting it burn to the ground. Usually the buildings are of cheap frame construction, so USC concentrates on saving adjoining properties.

While the "wages of salvage" may not always be high, Bill Cooper says: "If we must have a fire, please let us have good salvage."



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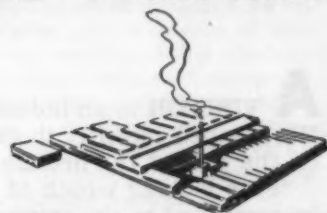
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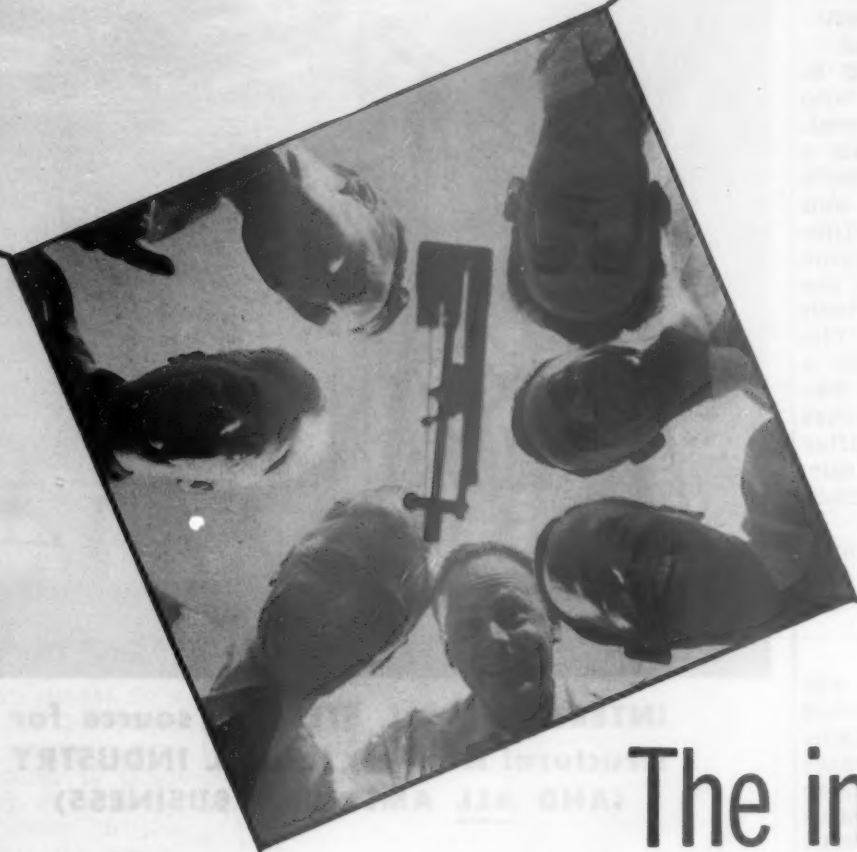
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# The inventin' Dillon boys

*A butcher's scale started this  
family off on a spree of experiments that  
so far has netted them 128 patents*

**A** VISITOR to an industrial plant in Forest Park, Ill., stopped recently to gaze at a large photograph on the wall of the president's office.

"Fine looking bunch of fellows you've got there," he remarked to the company head.

"They're my executive staff, and I'm sure proud of 'em."

"But how on earth did you ever get together a group of men who look so much like you?"

"By golly, I raised 'em!" chuckled the 75-year-old official. "They're my six sons, and they just about run the company and me, except when I'm not asleep."

The outfit is W. C. Dillon & Company, Inc., which is unique in more ways than one. While father and sons work together like a well oiled machine in directing the production of a wide variety of precision instruments, particularly dynamometers, they form a "family inventing team" probably without parallel in the country. With 128 patents already to their credit, they are continually turning out new inventions—and as soon as a device is perfected they start producing it in their own works, which

**By WILLIAM F. McDERMOTT**

is like a cross between a laboratory and a factory.

The \$500,000 annual business provides an ample living for the six filial households, including 17 grandchildren of prime mover Bill Dillon, Sr., and enables dad and sons to pursue their passion for working out new ideas. Each of the sons can operate all the machines in the plant with the same skill they employ in executive operations. Each has several patents to his name, two have home laboratories, and almost every night one or more of the boys may be found experimenting late at the main factory.

Neighbors and associates label them "the inventin' Dillons" and "those demon Dillon inventors"—and not without reason.

New ideas come bounding in on them, and they plunge in to develop them like a gold prospector uncovering a new lode. Currently Dad Dillon is steamed up over a device which he has been working on for five years. Covered by three patents, it is



designed to make possible 24 separate, private, simultaneous telephone conversations over one pair of wires. And the boys have a dozen new inventions in the blueprint stage.

Mr. Dillon, Sr., was brought up in Girard, Kans., the son of an old-time pedal organ salesman and repairer. The lad got his taste for tinkering in helping make the wheezy music machines function again. When the telephone began to invade the prairie country, he got a job running wires and putting in phones. He was so fanatically enthusiastic about his work that his pals nicknamed him "Electric Willie." The title stuck. His sons use it now occasionally.

NOT given much to reminiscing, the elder Dillon occasionally chuckles over the days when his gang assembled at "central" in Girard for telephonic diversion. By leaving the key open on romantic exchanges they were a part of an unseen and excited audience. The folks didn't need a newssheet. They got all the news while it happened.

Electric Willie's prowess with poles and wires spread and job offers came rolling in. One of his most ticklish early jobs was stringing a network of telephone wires across the "Cherokee Strip," or Indian Territory, the land that was opened up to settlement during the famous "run" in the '90's. Indians were hostile to the invasion by the white man, and Mr. Dillon feared a flare-up. But nothing more exciting happened than when an Indian chief took a long look at the operations, then grunted: "White man talk too much already."

The curse of the lineman's job in those early days was wires snapping under winter's cold, and sagging in summer's heat. In the latter case, winds whipped loose wires together, insulation rubbed off and conversations were jumbled into a babel of strange voices. Young Dillon began to think. Some wires gave little trouble in any season, he observed. He went to see his butcher.

"Tim," he said to the meat dispenser who was getting independent on 15-cents-a-pound steaks, "lend me a hanging scale for a month."

"All right, Electric Willie, here it is. But what has a butcher's scale got to do with telephones? Gonna start selling 'em by the pound?"

"I'm going to use it to keep your telephone workin' steady the year 'round." The butcher looked at him queerly, then began cutting up ten-cent chops.

Climbing telephone poles, with the scale hooked under his arm, Mr. Dillon used butcher poundage to register the tension of too-tight and too-loose wires, then those that were just right. Using the latter as standard, he began adjusting the others, half-mile lengths at a time. In a year breakages and cross wires had been cut 90 per cent on Bill's division; his idea spread like a prairie fire, probably causing a run on butcher's scales. But that idea gave birth to the whole chain of Dillon inventions and made possible the Dillon invention team.

At 22, Mr. Dillon whipped into shape a new device—called a dynamometer—to do the same job; he later patented it. Strangely, it was another and different invention that provided him his first working capital. The telephone game kept him moving around, first to Alabama, then to Texas and Nebraska, finally to Fort Dodge, Iowa, where he rigged up a tear gas apparatus that sent several gangs of bank robbers crying into cells. On the inside of bank vault doors he placed a mesh of high tension wires, any of which when broken released a plunger into a tear gas container. A gang drilling through a door would open it, only to find a cloud of gas engulfing them. He founded the Dillon Lock Works, employing 25 men, providing protection for banks hundreds of miles around and enabling bank officials to sleep nights.

THEN although past 40, Mr. Dillon sold out, pulled up stakes and with his wife and six sons—each born in a separate state during his telephonic meanderings—went to Chicago to barge out on his own. Mrs. Dillon, born of an old-line cultured family of Montgomery, Ala., had a personal interest in Bill's work; she had been secretary to a telephone company president.

It was rough sledding at first, as Mr. Dillon worked alone to perfect a variety of dynamometers for various industrial uses. His calculation of weights and tensions is based on the bending of an elastic beam made of special steel. He founded the company in 1936 and went into limited production. Then came World War II with overwhelming demands, and Mr. Dillon began calling his sons into business with him.

They had gravitated into other lines, but one by one they joined their dad's firm. None had a college education or technical school training, but they had the spirit of adventure as well as affection for

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and faith in their sire. By the end of the war the "inventing Dillon team" was on its way. Introduced into the business, the boys quickly caught senior Dillon's passion for creating new things.

Roy, now 49, is director of the electrical testing division—he formerly was a foreman for a burglar alarm concern. George, 47, assistant chief engineer, came from the foremanship of an electrical firm. William, Jr., 46, formerly a pinball manufacturer, is thermometer division head. Edward, 42, treasurer, had been a salesman. Robert, 38, advertising and sales manager, left the editorship of a trade magazine; and Ralph, 37, once a radio executive, is chief engineer.

**M**OST of them took a pay cut in teaming up with their progenitor, and there were times when pay checks were delayed or missed. But the crusading spirit has rewritten those red items in black.

Among the Dillon-invented and marketed products are dynamometers, weight indicators, industrial and cooking thermometers, cable testers, detectometers, mechanical pressure gauges, automatic overload stoppers, exploring coil amplifiers, universal testers, bisectors, electric remote tension and weight indicators.

Perhaps the most interesting is the 60-pound dynamometer, which Dillon, Sr., considers the climax of his butcher scale series of weight and tension testers. It will weigh anything up to 50 tons. It is used by tugboats to test their pulling powers; by oil well drillers for weighing heavy equipment; in ship loading to weigh each piece of cargo; in weighing airplanes and loaded railroad cars by crane lifts.

Mr. Dillon is proudest that his device was used in World War II on mine sweepers. Hooked in series with cables it would immediately register high tension when a mine had been snagged, enabling the sweeper crew to cut the mine loose by remote control and destroy it by cannon fire. It was also used in the rear of mother airships to measure the tension in nylon tow ropes in glider pickup tests.

The family firm made thousands for the Navy; at the time it had only a converted bungalow in Chicago in which to operate. It had dynamometers hanging from nails in the ceiling as there was no room for storage. Even the basement was utilized for factory operations. Two years ago the firm moved into a modern structure in the Chicago

suburb. It now has 40 employees.

What makes the inventing family tick? It might be said to have started with teamwork in roughhousing when all the junior Dillons were kids. Dad Dillon was the biggest kid of them all. It was sort of a family ritual to have five minutes of rough-and-tumble before breakfast every morning. The father would get himself up in all sorts of rigging; one morning he came down with his hair tousled and his spare frame in his ten-year-old son's overalls, and singing at the top of his voice. It was a sign for a winding snake dance through the house, ending up in the kitchen with a war whoop for Ma and her mountain of steaming pancakes.

"We boys, all seven of us including Dad, always stuck together," Ralph told me. "We used to drop the cat in the empty washing machine and give her a real workout.



As we hollered, Ma knew what we were doing. She sent Pa scooting down the stairs to make us stop and give us a trimming. He'd hit the wall with a stick and tell us to yell like the dickens. Then Ma would scream down the stairs, 'I told you to lick 'em, not kill 'em.' Then she'd join us in the shrieks of laughter."

One time the father of the incorrigibles went to work with his hair a rich purplish hue; his sons had poured some dye into his hair tonic, and he applied it in the dark. He grinned when he found out, and gravely warned them not to do it until the next time. On another occasion, the lads decided to dig a cave under the back porch. They took out so much dirt the porch sagged badly. Dad Dillon, on seeing it, ordered them to replace every cubic foot of dirt—then grabbed a shovel and helped them do it.

The Dillon parents, father and mother alike, believed in family powwows on all sorts of problems, from the size of an allowance to punishment for playing hooky. The sons agree they deserved what punishment they got, and respect their parents more for being firm. Yet shot through it all was a

camaraderie that crystallized into a family loyalty which has intensified in the passing years.

The spirit of adventure has its place in the Dillon make-up, and it was one of the elements that lured the sons away from good jobs to join their family enterprise. Migrating from state to state, from one connection to another, they had the adventurous characteristic inculcated in them from babyhood. They saw the chance to take a whack at something new, and maybe in the bargain to make millions. The latter hasn't happened yet, but they have hopes.

When it comes to inventions, it is a matter of intense individualism at the outset. One of the seven will get an idea, but will keep it to himself until he has crystallized it in his own mind—one of their working principles is to avoid bringing to the family team something in hazy or ill-defined form. Then he will do secret work on it, sketching it out, and possibly making a working model. It is considered an honor to have a new thing shipshape so others can grasp it. If he feels one of the others can help him out, he will call on him in confidence for aid. No such trust is ever broken; and in the end full credit goes to the innovator, the help provided being gratis.

Then the team as a whole goes into action. Facts and practical possibilities are discussed. The others deliberately try to uncover possible defects or unworkable principles. If the idea or invention withstands this attack, then the build-up starts, with each contributing his suggestions for improvement. When production starts, the new gadget becomes just another item in the factory line.

**N**EARLY every noon the seven Dillons pile into a car and drive up to 25 miles to some hideaway restaurant, where unbothered they can thresh out business details and administrative policies; invention discussions come after hours.

Whenever he can get to the wheel first, Dad Dillon in impeccable attire, flashy tie and loud socks, does the driving, with his six sons assisting. They practice the utmost teamwork with two trying to coax him to slow down, another watching through the rear window for a clocking policeman, a fourth keeping an eye on traffic to the right, and the remaining pair solemnly engaged in contemplating their past and meditating on their sins and shortcomings. But, as in invention, they always seem to arrive.



## Don't Obey That Impulse!

(Continued from page 46)

bring myself around to spending it.

If the compulsion involves repetition of a thought rather than an act, it is called an obsession. For instance, one man was so obsessed with the impulse to stand up in church and yell, "Fire," that he quit going. All of us at times find a tune running through our heads to the point of distraction.

Compulsions and obsessions are said to be symbolic substitutes for, or defenses against, wishes buried in the unconscious mind. We fear to express them directly because they involve a forbidden desire, plus anger at being frustrated, and we fear punishment.

To illustrate, a 12-year-old boy endlessly appeared to be writing something in the air with a finger. Study revealed that it was "#\$%&" and so on, which is the way the funny papers picture profanity. He had been punished for involving a younger brother in some escapade and punished again for taking revenge by teaching little brother various things which the latter innocently brought up before his parents. Now, he had reduced his urge and anger to a symbolic act—a sort of invisible sky writing.

**BUT** the conflict of desire and inhibition, of instinct and civilized conduct, hardly explains why one gives in to the impulse to see whether the "Wet Paint" sign is correct, or to find out what will happen if this or that lever is pulled. What causes you to let your guard down and defy reason?

Actually, the explanation is quite simple, if not wholly complimentary. What we are dealing with fundamentally is a kindergarten form of the scientific method of acquiring knowledge. Dr. Floyd L. Ruch, University of Southern California psychologist, points out: "When an animal is put into an unfamiliar situation, it moves about, examining each nook and cranny of the new surroundings... the phenomenon of curiosity in man must be to a great degree like that of the exploratory drive in the lower animals."

We explore, for sure. As soon as he can creep, a baby turns inquiring reporter in all directions. He touches and, if possible, puts each object in his mouth. In short, he tests everything for himself. By the time he is two, he has got himself into more minor scrapes and near-

disasters than his mother cares to recall.

By the time he has reached 32, he has had hundreds of adventures in seeing for himself.

Of course, experience is a dear teacher, and you learn to resist impulses that get you into trouble.

But you never quite lose your drive to satisfy your curiosity—your spirit of adventure or thirst for knowledge.

Nor do you lose another characteristic of infancy, generally noted by psychiatrists. This is the occasional fantastic assumption that you are omnipotent—the egocentric master of all you survey. A baby cries and a bottle is popped into his mouth. He wets his pants and they are changed. He reaches out for some bright object and it is handed to him. It's like magic. Quickly enough, he begins discovering the realities of life and listens to reason, but the older person never quite recovers from this small-fry dream of greater glory. It is our god complex.

Normally, you keep your guard up and obey all the parental and higher authorities that come along. At times, however, when you are idle and bored and in need of stimulation and amusement, or when you have built up a head of surplus energy, you drop your guard. The resistible becomes irresistible. Reality? Reason? Pooh! You are the invulnerable infant again. Anything you wish is possible. So you pull the little red handle—or build a raft and test the current of the Pacific under the spell of some South Sea god named Kon-Tiki.

**FOR** those who do not want the risk of taking fate in their own hands, there is just one rule: Don't! To avoid irresistible impulses, the only advice seems to be, keep busy with rational pursuits.

Even that is no guarantee that you will keep out of mischief. Consider that celebrated group of scientists who set off the first atomic bomb in New Mexico in 1945. They figured that the chain reaction of atoms would stop with the explosion itself, but they didn't know for sure. One physicist raised the question of whether it might not go on and blow up the world. But they would never know without trying it, so they did. In scholarly circles, this is called the quest for knowledge. At your level, of course, it's a fool stunt.

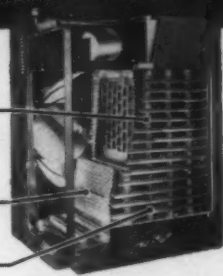
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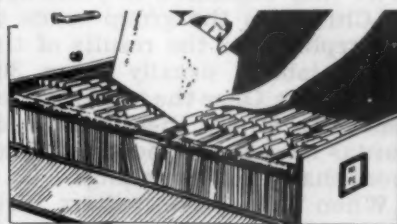
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*An impressive crop of toys for orphans has come from the shops of one homecraft club in Ohio*

# Stand-in for Santa

By **GEORGE LAYCOCK**

**YOU DON'T** have to drive a reindeer to be Santa Claus. In fact, a group of Columbus, Ohio, home shop owners is proving that you don't even have to live at the North Pole.

These craftsmen, some 45 of them, have established themselves as perennial Santas to children in 16 Columbus orphanages. Making toys is the year-round, No. 1 project of the Columbus Homecraft Club.

The members, among whom are shop workers, office workers and professional men, started their hammer-and-saw project shortly after they organized 18 years ago. At Christmas the group sends to the orphanages the results of the year's labors, usually some 300 sturdy toys. Once the total reached 600. Altogether, these volunteer Santas have made and given away more than 4,000 playthings.

When the homecrafters first gathered to talk wood, metal and power tools, times were bad. Their shops offered them a refuge where they could keep their minds off troubles. But they were not satisfied to work only for their own benefit. When they heard of the toyless plight of local orphans they decided to do something about it.

Toys became the major topic in

the monthly meetings held in members' shops. They brought together stockpiles of donated lumber and other materials. By the following Christmas they had produced an impressive crop of toys.

The following year, spurred by letters of appreciation, they expanded their operations. They knew by then what types of pull toys were the most popular. They are still turning out some of their first models.

This year, with the demand still growing, these hobbyists gave their production a modern twist by turning to mass production to increase the output.

"It's more fun to make the complete toy," said one charter member, "but this way we turn out more of them and after all, that's the important point."

To start off the mass production plan Mr. Karl Couch, professional engineer and a club member for five years, drew blueprints for toys. The wagons built this year are a good example of their production methods. After Mr. Couch had finished his blueprints, copies went to members who wanted them. One group concentrated on cutting the wheels, while another group cut sides and beds in their spare time.

By midsummer boxes of wagon

parts could be found stacked in Columbus home workshops. With the parts finished there came a half work, half social evening called "nailing up night." This was followed in a few days by "painting night." Then pull strings were added and the wagons were complete except for the blocks to fill them.

Even the production of block sets was given the speed-up treatment. By June, 70-year-old Bill Coulter, a charter member and a lifetime professional beekeeper, had 1,400 wooden blocks in his basement shop. Sanding them seemed an endless task until he devised a special sander which turned them out in short order.

But these craftsmen are not such speed demons that they will sacrifice quality to get quantity. They want their toys to last, and last they do. One small wagon presented to a Columbus orphanage 14 years ago is still getting usage.

As perpetual chairman of the committee, Mr. Coulter has probably done as much as any person to put fine toys in local orphanages. "It's hard to measure the satisfaction you get from knowing the good these toys do," he says.

Not all the toys, however, are turned out by mass production. Club members who want to make special toys of their own design are free to work on them, and a large percentage of the annual output is from these individual projects.

Mr. Couch, for instance, has a preference for small doll cradles complete with dolls. Last year he made seven cradles, then bought unbreakable dolls for them. But there Mr. Couch encountered a barrier his hand tools couldn't help him hurdle. The dolls came without clothes. So he farmed them out to wives of friends who, as he says, "turned them into some of the best dressed dolls in town." This year he repeated the project.

The Homecraft Club's toy project has met with such success that the group is now launching a still more ambitious plan. They hope to form an association of homecraft clubs throughout the country to exchange ideas and spread their plan. They think Santa needs the help.



## THE LUNCH BOX AND THE BRIEF CASE

Two men are sitting on opposite sides of the table. One is a worker, the other a manager.

They are talking amicably, they have much in common. Each is interested in money, in security, in the well-being of his own family.

Each is interested in the constructive values of capitalism. They stand up and shake hands.

They have reached an agreement. They have proved that there is no "opposite side" to the table.

Many business men who would like to see this ideal situation repeated again and again are working toward that end through the Chamber of Commerce of the United States.

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## The Roads We Could Have Bought

(Continued from page 37)

way of determining which road to fix first.

Once, in Arizona as in most other states, allocation of highway funds was something of a grab bag. Today people have so much confidence in the system that only a few even attend the budget hearings.

In this system, called Sufficiency Rating and adopted by the Bureau of Public Roads, each mile of road is graded like a school paper—100 is perfect. It is scored on three qualifications: Condition, 40 points; Safety, 30 points; and Service, 30 points.

The best single thing about the system is that it provides your state senator with ammunition against pressure groups. When people ask why highway funds were allocated to one place instead of another he can get out his sufficiency ratings and show where the worst stretch of highway was found.

**AT THE** moment, there is a big boom in toll roads. Nearly every state has one, plans one, or wants one. Most impartial highway men feel, however, that normal taxes should take care of road construction, and that people are willing to pay them. The turnpikes prove people will pay for good roads.

Most people driving between Wilmington, Del., and New York City—between Boston and New England and Washington and the South—take the newly completed New Jersey turnpike automatically. Truckers can make five trips on the turnpike as opposed to three on the public highway which parallels it, and save money in depreciation and fuel.

Yet the same people who scream about gasoline taxes willingly pay the turnpike toll of approximately 1.75 cents per mile. If your car gets 15 miles on a gallon of gas, simple arithmetic shows that you pay an extra tax of 26 cents per gallon on the turnpike.

The point is, of course, that to most people it's worth it. They can pay the toll, and still be ahead.

Shortly before the outbreak of hostilities in Korea, the post-World War II production boom was beginning to level off,

economic experts started looking for ways to maintain prosperity. One such study, made by the Joint Committee on the Economic Report, dealt with highways.

The committee's consultants—one of whom was H. A. Radzikowski, an engineer with the Bureau of Public Roads—estimated that the total deficiencies on all the highways, roads and streets of the nation amounted, in 1948, to \$41,000,000,000. Highway labor on and off the site would keep 9,740,723 men busy for one year and, with the additional labor created in the consumer goods industry, would create a total employment of 21,341,720 man-years.

In this regard, incidentally, the American Roadbuilders Association once estimated that, for every \$100,000,000 spent in highway construction, business was created to the value of \$315,000,000. The \$32,000,000,000 program therefore would fan out to the equivalent of three times that in prosperity. The iron and steel industry alone would benefit nearly \$3,500,000,000, according to the Roadbuilders' figures, retail trade about the same.

The Joint Committee recommended that the nation embark on the full program. It pointed out that a saving of only one per cent a mile over the nation's 400,000,000 vehicle miles would amount approximately to one tenth of the over-all sum in one year.

If Ali Baba rubbed his magic lamp and dumped \$41,000,000,000 in our laps tonight, however, that

still would not solve the entire highway situation. Construction of new highways alone would not eliminate traffic accidents. Ninety per cent of all accidents, whether on good roads or bad, are caused by the driver himself—one fifth of the drivers cause three fourths of the accidents.

The state with the lowest accident rate is Rhode Island, with 3.0. That means if you drove your car 100,000,000 miles you'd kill three people, and this is considered by many safety experts to be the irreducible minimum. However, it is not good highways alone which keep this rate down in Rhode Island, but the fact that the state is so compact that a few highway patrolmen go a long way.

In Arizona and New Mexico, on the other hand, you can drive for hours without seeing anyone, much less a state trooper, and the resulting accident rate in these two states is the highest in the nation—12.9. You kill four times as many people there.

**ANOTHER** thing that money alone cannot buy is engineering personnel. There is a shortage of 4,400 engineers, 5,400 engineering assistants, in the state highway departments. In many localities contracts amounting to hundreds of thousands of dollars are being held up by incompetent men in authority.

Able men constantly are being sought. An Ohio engineer recently visited 16 engineering schools, coaxing graduates into working for his department.

However, most highway officials still believe that the chief obstacle between the public and public roads is money. When you consider that the appropriation for our highways this year is only enough to patch up half of those falling to pieces, the picture looks depressing indeed.

But when the rumble of a discontented public is heard, which is now beginning to realize the money it loses because of the destruction of its vehicles and the loss of its time could easily be applied to the building of new roads and the application of better safety and service principles, then you know that things are bound to improve. We have been paying for bad roads for years—it's time to buy some good ones for a change!







## Faithful reminder

THE mustard seed of faith which has brought rich rewards to Maurice and Mary Alice Flint was planted one night in 1948. Reading Bible verses in their home in Kansas City, Kans., they ran across a familiar one:

"... If ye have faith as a grain of mustard seed, ye shall say unto this mountain, remove hence to yonder place; and it shall remove; and nothing shall be impossible unto you."

"How big is a mustard seed?" Mr. Flint asked his wife.

"Let's go out in the kitchen and see," she suggested.

Fingering the tiny seeds, he conceived the idea that if he carried some of them in a pocket they would remind him of the Bible verse. But they were too small. After spending spare time for a year in his basement workshop, he was able to turn out transparent plastic balls the size of marbles with a mustard seed in the center.

This month, sales of the creation, the mustard seed remembrancer, approached the 250,000 mark. The factory in Kansas City, Mo., has been enlarged twice in less than a year.

Before the mustard seed symbol gave him a national market, Mr. Flint was a salesman for an aircraft supply firm, a position which gave him an opportunity to put the symbols to work.

"I tried them out hundreds of times," he recalled. "I would be nervous when I arrived at a plane company to make a sale, but as I went to keep my appointment, I would put my hand on the disc holding the mustard seed and remember the verse from Scripture."



AYERS BLOCHER, JR.

It was then that he decided that if it gave him strength it would be good for others, too.

In his first experiments, make-shift devices, including inverted baby bottle nipples, were used to mold the plastic.

Mr. Flint found plenty of need to repeat the Bible verse as he handled the tiny seeds.

One of his biggest problems was placing the seed in the center of the plastic without damaging the ball, and without leaving a trace of how the seed was placed there.

This he ultimately worked out with the use of tiny drills, plus a special substance to fill the hole after the seed is placed. A perfectionist, he has discarded more than 25,000 balls because of defects.

Several of the first charms were sent to New York friends who in turn took them to an official of a fashionable store. Delighted, the store placed an order the following week.

From then on, he was kept busy turning out the creations while his wife filled orders. Then they turned their sights on other cities. The first sales were of balls alone, but the Flints soon were forced into the jewelry business because of requests that the charms be attached to bracelets, key rings or necklaces.

Some church groups have ordered as many as 1,000 of the symbols. Repeated orders have come from a wide range of organizations.

Mr. Flint, now 43, who carries as many as six mustard seed symbols in his pockets, is sure of one thing—his faith has been multiplied many times because of a Bible verse about mustard seeds.

—FRANK SPURLOCK, JR.

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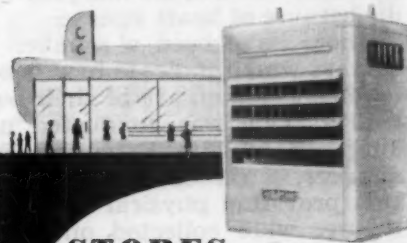
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## Why Businessmen Die Before Their Time

(Continued from page 31)

These figures, remember, are for the general population. The businessman falls below these averages—not doing nearly so well as his grandfather or great-grandfather who lived in pre-Civil War days.

Why has the businessman, who has such an extraordinary record of achievement in other directions, done so poorly by himself in this matter of ultimate personal concern? One reason is that he drives himself too relentlessly—works too hard, worries too much, relaxes and sleeps too little. The factory manager who would fire an employe who abused an expensive machine will heedlessly abuse a far more valuable machine—his own body.

**WORRY**, and the stress that comes from making constant decisions, causes the adrenal glands to release into the bloodstream hormones which quicken the heart, and increase blood pressure. As a result, there is inevitable wear and tear on the heart and circulatory system. More than half the businessmen who will die this year will die because of heart disease.

There have been a number of surveys which indicate how heedless businessmen are of their own health. One was conducted not long ago by Life Extension Examiners, a nationwide organization providing physical checkups. Figures were collected on 10,000 businessmen, with an average age of 45 years. Of this group, only one in nine was in top physical shape!

A more detailed study of 2,000 businessmen showed 13 per cent had high blood pressure, 22 per cent were over or under weight; 15 per cent had abnormal electrocardiograms; 12 per cent had faulty vision not corrected by glasses; 6 per cent had rectal disorders; 4.5 per cent had hernias; 3.7 per cent defective hearing, etc.

A decade ago, Dr. Raymond Pearl of Johns Hopkins made a study of people who had achieved great age. "The vast majority of these extremely longevous folk," he observed "were of placid temperament, not given to worry. They had taken life at an even, unhurried pace!"

Check your list of business acquaintances and see how many fit this description. Dr. Pearl went on: "The length of life is generally in inverse proportion to the rate of

living—the more rapid the pace, the shorter time that life endures."

Thus, it would appear that today's businessman is in a trap. To survive, in a highly competitive world, he *has* to live at a rapid pace, working longer and harder than men have ever been called on to work in the past.

His wife, his associates, and his physician may advise a slower pace. But he has no great yearning to go fishing, to relax in a hammock, or to take up shuffleboard. Even in the face of this situation there are things he can do for himself. The most important of these is the annual physical examination, a precautionary step neglected by the majority of people. Such checks offer the *only* hope of detecting disease in its earliest and most curable stages.

Until World War II came along not more than a handful of large companies urged or required executives to take annual physicals. Pressures exerted on business by war took a grim toll of top executive personnel. In big business these premature deaths meant hardship; in many small businesses they spelled disaster. In a large proportion of cases these un-

timely deaths might have been prevented.

Largely as a result of costly war experience, scores of companies inaugurated annual physicals for key personnel. By now, upwards of 400 companies have such plans. Among them are General Motors, Chrysler, Goodyear, Republic Steel, Eastman, du Pont, Merck, Standard Oil of New Jersey. Some companies make such examinations obligatory, others optional. But in every case, the company bears the expense—usually about \$100. Sometimes examinations are performed by plant physicians, but as a rule outside facilities are used.

Such examinations have obvious benefits. If a man *knows* trouble is brewing—trouble which may cost him his life—he is almost sure to take steps to prevent it. If sugar is detected in urine it isn't too difficult to follow a diet which will prevent a full-blown case of diabetes. If blood pressure is soaring it is often reasonably simple to take steps which will restore it to normal. The man who discovers he has an overloaded heart will avoid the handball court and other heavy exercise.

**BESIDES** the annual checkup, there are other things businessmen can do to promote longevity. Diet is important. During the early years of life food is burned to energy, or goes to build tissue. Later on—due to some mysterious metabolic change—it tends to be deposited as fat. This added burden of fat imposes an extra load on a heart that may already be overworked. A few figures will indicate how dangerous it is. In the 40-49 age group the man who is 15-24 per cent overweight has a 17 per cent better chance of dying in any given year than the man of normal weight. If he is 25 to 34 per cent overweight he has a 41 per cent greater chance of dying.

The businessman might do well to pay greatest heed to researches now getting underway. Until now, most work of the medical researchers has been devoted to infectious diseases: pneumonia, meningitis, tuberculosis, etc. Emphasis is shifting to *chronic* diseases that are mainly a problem to middle-aged and older people—heart disease, arthritis and such. As our population ages these unsolved problems will gain in importance. And our population is aging. In 1900 there were only 3,000,000 people in the country more than 65. Today, it is 11,000,000 and by 1960 will be from 14,000,000 to 18,000,000.

It will become increasingly im-



"The power company says the electricity may be off for several hours. Any of you guys know how to milk a cow?"



portant to keep this growing segment of the population healthy, vigorous and productive. This is a matter of special importance to businessmen—who, to date, have participated least in medical advances. The idea that at 65 people are to be discarded—to live on savings, the state, or bounty of relatives—must be abandoned. The country will need the talent and skills of this mass of people.

There is considerable evidence that aging is a chemical process; and that under certain circumstances the process may be slowed, or even reversed. Dr. William B. Kountz of Washington University in St. Louis has conducted some striking experiments along this line.

Not long ago he reported results on 250 patients in the 65-85 age group. Mainly, treatment consisted of high-protein diets, plus vitamins, and, when indicated, such hormones as insulin, thyroid, testosterone for men and the estrogenic hormones for women. In general, patients responded with greater mental alertness and more vigor.

**H**EART disease and cancer are the great enemies of the businessman—and the general population as well. Two out of three people who die in the next 12 months will die of these causes.

What would it mean to *you* to have a cure for heart-circulatory diseases announced tomorrow? In effect, it would amount to a gift of ten extra years of life! A cure for cancer would give an extra year and a third. With these facts in mind it might behoove businessmen to do everything possible to promote research in these fields.

Yet another thing is needed: a fundamental study of the subject of death. It is interesting to note that, in terms of geologic time, death is something new to the earth! The single-celled animals that represented the first life on earth *didn't* die. At a certain stage of maturity, they simply broke apart to make *two* animals. Thus, in a way, they were immortal. Death arrived on the scene only when more complex animals appeared—where death or injury of a single part could cause death of the whole.

By a wide margin, man is by far the longest lived of the animals—popular ideas to the contrary. The supposedly long-lived elephant actually has an average life span of 45 years. The oldest elephant of record lived to 60. The oldest parrot of record was 54. The giant tortoises

of the Galapagos Islands apparently live to better than 100, but hardly achieve the record life span of man—146 years.

The record longevity in man was established by Christian Drakenberg, a Dane born in 1626.

**W**HILE even the most determinedly health-conscious businessman can hardly hope to equal Drakenberg's admirable record, there is considerable evidence that he *should* expect to live many years more than he does.

Dr. Edward L. Borth, former president of the American Medical Association, believes that the normal life span should be 150 years! He notes that a dog is full grown at two years of age, and lives to 12. A cat is full grown at one and one half years and lives to ten. A horse reaches maturity at four years and lives to 25.

Thus, in all these cases a major portion of life is spent as a full-grown adult—the period of maturity being approximately five times the period of growth. Since man is not full grown until he is 25 he should, according to Dr. Borth, live to 150.

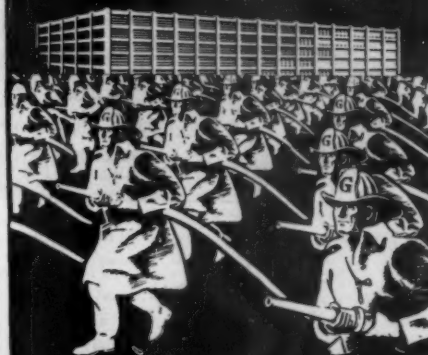
Laboratory work indicates that the life span can be significantly prolonged. At Cornell, Dr. Clive McCay underfed rats, keeping them lean and hungry. They lived a third longer than rats on a normal diet. At Columbia University, Dr. Henry C. Sherman lengthened the life span of rats ten per cent by means of dietary supplements, mainly vitamin C.

Studies such as these indicate that it may soon be possible significantly to prolong man's life span. The businessman, already shortchanged, would be among the greatest beneficiaries. Until a "longevity formula" is developed these are steps all of us can take to see that we at least get our fair share of years.

The critical period is between the ages of 40 and 60. At this time senescent changes get underway, and the aging process accelerates. It is at this time that regular physical examinations become a matter of paramount importance. Vitamin requirements may soar, and hormones may be indicated—to be taken under the most careful medical supervision, of course.

Diet should be watched since obesity is the handmaiden of premature death. Insofar as it is possible worry should be minimized, and relaxation stressed. It is the only proved way of postponing that date with the grim gentleman with the scythe.

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# Towns for rent

By **GORDON GORDON**

**M**ORE than 300 communities, scattered from New England to the Mexican border, are sharing this year in the \$60,000,000 that Hollywood spends to make pictures outside the movie capital. To settlements, the film people bring boom times; to big cities, they alleviate relief loads in certain instances and temporarily solve employment problems in others.

A major studio spends an average of \$20,000 a day on a picture, 53 per cent of which remains in the town where the story is filmed. The other 47 per cent goes to salaries that the stars, directors and highly paid employees take home.

Some of these communities have scenery for sale but others attempt to market historical places, steel mills, wheat fields, ship docks, almost every kind of human activity. Some have nothing more to offer than the most ordinary of main streets—and one or two sell those streets to directors looking for a realism they cannot find on a studio's back lot.

As in the selling of any product, the job calls for able and energetic salesmanship—the kind shown, for instance, by Durango, Colo.

That town's civic leaders were casting about for new industries to add to the community's ranching, mining and tourist incomes, and took stock of what they had that might interest Hollywood. They found they had three commodities to merchandise: scenery on a majestic scale; one of the last operating narrow-gauge railroads in the U. S.; and a made-to-order "movie set" in the one-time boom town of Silverton with its false fronts and board walks still in place.

Durango sent Robert Venuti, a guest-ranch owner, to Hollywood. He arrived with several thousand feet of movie color film, hundreds of color

photographs, and dozens of cost sheets which showed how much Hollywood would have to pay for lodging, food, transportation, even hay and the rental of mules.

Mr. Venuti encountered sales resistance. Other towns were hawking scenery that year, too, but the combination of scenery plus a narrow-gauge railroad plus Silverton finally sold. Now Durango averages one picture or more a year.

Mr. Venuti and others like him visit Hollywood at least once each year. They talk with location managers at the major studios. A veteran location manager like Ray Moore at Twentieth Century-Fox will have data on more than 15,000 sites. If a director wants to know where he can find a main street that has a giant oak in its center, or a town where surreys with fringes on top are used, Mr. Moore can tell him.

The help Hollywood asks in return shapes up in many ways. Maybe it's a university campus the director wants to take over. Maybe a busy street corner where Jeanne Crain would pose a problem for traffic police. Sometimes it's a dangerous scene at an airport where safety factors must be considered.

More often it's people. New Orleans lured Director Elia Kazan to that city by promising to obtain character types. Mr. Kazan wanted real detectives playing detectives and hard-bitten waterfront characters acting themselves in scenes with Richard Widmark. New Orleans delivered on its promise and profited by \$470,000.

Stamford, Conn., attracted a film troupe in like fashion. The movie makers went into a lunch wagon, a tavern, a junk yard, a bank and a church to film people working and talking at their jobs—a setup made possible only by the cooperation of the community.

As for accommodations, the studios often use one town as a base and travel up to 100 miles a day to photograph scenes in a community lacking housing or restaurants. Susan Hayward and a cast traveled to Cleveland, Ga., from Gainesville each day, a distance of about 50 miles. Another troupe used Hutchinson, Kans., as its base of operations to work at



Castleton, a few miles away. Darryl F. Zanuck based a company at McAllen, Laredo and Del Rio, Texas, but did the filming in villages near those towns.

The little town of Kanab, Utah, which nestles in a land of towering red sandstone buttes and blue-black mesas, is an example of a settlement that was saved by the film industry. Kanab was slowly going broke. In another few months, better than half the townspeople would lose everything.

It was then that someone remembered Tom Mix once had made a movie there. The town had miles and miles of wild rugged country splashed with color—gorges where the sheer walls seemed to rise into the white clouds overhead, canyons where few men had ridden.

It was fantastic that this town of 1,300 population, 130 miles from the nearest railroad, could "sell" scenery to Hollywood, but the Perry brothers, Whitney and Cronway, who had an empty hotel on their hands, set out to do just that.

They took along photographs and figures to prove Hollywood could make a movie there without spending a fortune. They succeeded in marketing their scenery, and the first movie troupe arrived in time to save the town from losing the old homestead.

That was during the depression 1930's. Since then Kanab has sold probably as many square feet of scenery as any town in the United States. To date, 46 movie companies have used the settlement as a base, leaving behind from \$50,000 to \$300,000 a picture. Some 600 citizens are registered for acting jobs.

Aside from immediate profits, many localities have found that

the filming of a movie in their community stimulates tourist business for years to come. Moviegoers who have thrilled over a waterfront or an idyllic setting in a picture will drive out of their way to look at it. Movie sets left behind often become tourist attractions. A film company some years ago built an adobe replica of the Tucson of 1880 near modern Tucson and 50,000 tourists since have walked its streets.

**OF COURSE** some communities, especially the older ones, brush Hollywood off. They consider the disadvantages outweigh the financial gains. They think a movie troupe will disturb their way of life, or take too much of their time.

While many towns send representatives to Hollywood to talk with the studios, or maintain offices as Sun Valley does, or hire a public relations firm to represent them, others merchandise their wares by preparing portfolios with color photographs. The location managers file these, and maybe years later a telegram comes from the studio asking if that monument of General Grant is still standing.

When a movie troupe does arrive, the town gets more than money out of it; it gets something to talk about for months. If it's a swamp picture, the chances are the film makers will clear out the native alligators and bring in their own trained ones. If it's a story being filmed in a big timber country, they may ship in a carload of fake trees because the cameramen cannot move the real articles around for the arty shots they want.

It's true that without even trying, a movie troupe can upset a way of living. But one sometimes comes in handy on a rainy day.



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## Booming Trade Across the Borders

(Continued from page 27)

automotive exports; 41 per cent of our chemical exports; 36 per cent of our exported machinery; 35 per cent of our exported iron and steel mill products, and 28 per cent of U. S. textile exports. Total investments of private capital in Central and South America today stand at more than \$6,500,000,000.

Naturally, such extensive trade has its effect not only in economics but on the cultural life of the countries. For years, many top American companies — International Harvester, General Motors, W. R. Grace, Singer Sewing Machine, to mention just a few—have been omnipotent throughout Latin America. For people of such widely different background and temperament, it is incredible how many U. S. customs and products the Latins have adopted.

"When I first went to Peru in 1934," Henry D. Bixby, a Singer Sewing Machine Company executive, points out, "there were no window displays at Christmas. Now you will see windows full of Santa Clauses, reindeer, tinsel and imitation snow, just like Main Street, U.S.A."

You notice it in homey little ways: the bilingual signs in Venezuela, with a picture of an elongated canine, offering "hot dogs" for sale . . . the U. S. surplus landing craft that *Chilenos* used in developing Chile's picturesquely located and only oil field on the island of Tierra del Fuego, where the savage Strait of Magellan tides make it difficult to build docks . . . the U. S. patent medicine signs and the "Tomé Coca Cola" advertisements everywhere.

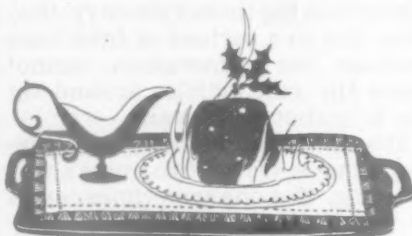
For years, among even the upper middle classes in the Caribbean countries, an American electric refrigerator was a proud possession that occupied the place of honor in the parlor, where it could be seen by all passers-by through the French windows that opened onto the street. Even the native dialects—in places where not even Spanish is spoken—were enriched by American trademarks. "Panagra"—the legend on the airliners that flew over the Andes—became the accepted word for airplanes. Similarly, "Quah-care"—for the universally consumed Quaker Oats—found its way into Indian dialects in the Amazon basin.

For instance, John D. J. Moore, a Grace company vice president,

who lived in Lima for three years, tells how his six-year-old daughter was entertaining her baby sister with a Spanish rendition of Goldilocks and the Three Bears. When she came to the part where Father Bear wanted to know who'd been eating his porridge, she growled: "*Quien ha tomida mi Quah-care?*" "I knew then," Mr. Moore laughs, "that it was time to bring the kids home for orientation!"

Grace's trading, shipping and financing activities have had marked results in Latin America. Not only does it haul goods back and forth—the cornflakes and catsup that the visitor sees piled up on the docks in Venezuela; the diesel locomotives for Colombia, and the sugar and coffee for the United States—but it sells goods wholesale and retail, and finances scores of Latin American business ventures. Its subsidiary, International Machinery Company, has a big, modern store in Lima which offers everything from electric fans to concrete mixers.

Its retail department features a record shop where young Peruvians can purchase such samples of North American culture as the recorded voices of Bing Crosby, Frank Sinatra and Johnny Ray.



Toasters, washing machines and waffle irons also are big sellers. When the old Peruvian firm of Arturo Field, started in 1863 by an English biscuit maker, ran into financial difficulties after a disastrous fire in the 1930's, Grace refinanced it and built a new factory which is turning out gumdrops, marshmallows, chocolate bars and North American-type soda crackers.

Grace also built what it says is the first factory in the world to make paper out of *bagas*, a sugar cane fiber, and it is introducing paper bags into the Peruvian grocery trade, which is run mostly by Chinese. "This is more revolutionary than it sounds," says Mr. Moore. "Many a time I've seen a Chinese grocer hand a customer a

kilo of beans or a dozen eggs without a container."

Singer Sewing Machine Company is another North American outfit that has stamped its influence upon Latin American development. On a trip through the wildest part of eastern Peru, Scott Seegers, an American correspondent, was astounded to come upon an Indian woman squatting in the dirt in front of a thatched hut, running up a garment on a gleaming hand-operated Singer.

Rio de Janeiro newspapers of 1858 displayed Singer advertisements next to announcements of slave sales. The early "Singermen," as they were called, penetrated deepest jungles on foot and by dug-out; if they couldn't sell for cash, they would barter and then convert the furs, handicraft and what-not into currency. One Mexican town created a "Singer Street" in honor of the local sewing machine salesman. Lately, sales of industrial type sewing machines are booming, as *Latinos* are adopting North American styles in work clothing, such as blue jeans.

One of the hard facts of life in the international trade picture, a State Department economic official points out, is that the United States "balances" the difference between its \$15,000,000,000 exports and \$11,000,000,000 imports by virtually giving away, through various aid programs, cash or goods sufficient to compensate for the trade deficit. With the Korean war continuing and an apparently endless period of arms building in store, our ever-increasing needs for raw materials which other nations can supply will cut down on what we have to give away to achieve the effect of balancing our foreign trade. It gets a little complicated, however, to figure out whether there are any gains in this kind of emergency economy, as the tab for most of it eventually must be picked up by the American taxpayer.

Another big factor in the foreign trade outlook is that other nations are beginning to come back as rivals in the Latin American field. Great Britain and Germany, particularly, are recapturing some of their former markets, and Japan is beginning to stir again.

In the entire world trade picture, there is no brighter spot at present than Canada. Since the war, our big northern neighbor has been an industrial and commercial wonderland in which almost everything turns to gold. In 1951, her exports and imports together exceeded \$8,000,000,000, which is remarkable for a country whose pop-



ulation of more than 14,000,000 is less than that of New York State. Total United States private capital invested in Canada exceeded \$8,000,000,000 by the last quarter of this year, according to Department of Commerce estimates. In the first six months of this year, Canada bought only \$161,400,000 of her \$1,950,300,000 imports from the United Kingdom—formerly its greatest supplier—while \$1,460,800,000 came from the United States. Of Canada's total domestic



exports of \$2,089,600,000 in the same period the United States took \$1,121,100,000 to the United Kingdom's \$395,800,000.

There were reasons, of course, for this booming exchange. Delivery problems are relatively simple between two friendly nations with adjacent frontiers; both have the goods to sell, and, with the exception of tariffs, neither country places restrictions on trade. Currency exchange is unhampered, and the Canadian dollar, as this was written, enjoyed the unique distinction of being above par.

The stringent controls and currency restrictions imposed today by most nations have turned world trade into a sticky morass, more akin to the barter system than to traditional buying and selling. In contrast, the Canadian businessman is comparatively free of red tape in dealing with his U. S. counterpart—and vice versa.

The five largest fields of U. S. exports to Canada, in dollar volume order, are: machinery and vehicles; nonmetallic minerals (coal, petroleum, etc.); metals and manufactures; textile fibers and manufactures, and foodstuffs. Largest imports from Canada are: wood and paper, including newsprint; foodstuffs; metals and manufactures; machinery and vehicles, and nonmetallic minerals. The last-named field still is relatively small, but that will be changed by the newly developed huge Alberta oil fields, with a 1,150-mile pipeline now operating between Edmonton and Superior, Wis. Rich iron fields also are under development in New Quebec and Labrador, and U. S. steel companies have invested heavily in these fabulous far northern ore fields as insurance against the looming depletion of the high-grade deposits of this country's Mesabi range.

What is the outlook for continuation of the trade boom with our northern and southern neighbors? Washington views it as follows: So far as Canada is concerned, visibility unlimited—though there was some concern in Ottawa this fall over a decline in exports to the United States.

As for Latin America, there are conflicting opinions, with even the optimists cautiously reflecting a respectable amount of pessimism. The National Foreign Trade Council, Inc., an authority in the field, was concerned last August over deterioration in U. S. trade with Brazil, Paraguay, Argentina and Uruguay, and the weakening of short-term dollar assets of these countries and Mexico. On the other hand, Chase National Bank of New York, which publishes periodical reviews of Latin American business highlights, issued an encouraging September report. It predicted that U. S. raw material needs will make it possible for Latin America—if she works at producing what we need, and can attract investment capital—to double her exports to this country by 1975.

In the Government, a leading authority, George Wythe, director of the American Republics Division in the Office of International Trade, Commerce Department, sees certain complexities but no signs of radical alteration in the two-way flow of trade between the United States and its southern neighbors. European nations may be successful in recapturing some of the markets which they dominated before World War II. Even so, Mr. Wythe doubts whether U. S. sales, now accounting for 50 per cent of Latin American imports, will drop lower than 45 to 40 per cent. And that's still a sizable market.

*The Chamber of Commerce of the United States has issued a brochure, "The Interdependence of the Latin American and U. S. Economies," which shows the steps that the Western Hemisphere countries can take to achieve unity of purpose and action in the economic field. The Chamber believes that the principles of inter-American solidarity and cooperation should continue to be a cornerstone of the United States' foreign policy.*

*The American people should support all constructive and mutually beneficial measures of a nature which will strengthen the economic, social and cultural ties uniting the members of the American family of nations.*



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# The royal chandler

*For 175 years the Ajello company has made candles for all the world to see*



**W**ITHIN a few days after the death of Great Britain's King George VI an order crossed the sea to A. Ajello & Bros. for 2,300 tapers to illuminate the coronation of Queen Elizabeth II next summer.

It was not the first time that the Ajellos have served as chandlers to royalty. The little Mamaroneck, N. Y., factory is one of the oldest candle-making firms in the world. Through 175 years, six generations have brought to near perfection one of man's oldest methods for turning back the darkness with light.

Ajello candles burned at the coronation of the new queen's father, and at her marriage to Philip Mountbatten.

The family's special candles have served countless occasions. Galli-Curci once ordered a 1,400-pound Ajello masterpiece to burn in thanksgiving for a successful throat operation. A giant two-ton candle is set to burn one day a year for 18 centuries in memory of Enrico Caruso at his tomb near Naples.

A veteran of World War I ordered Ajello to make a candle that matched his size and weight, with a hole in it representing the wound

he survived. He hired a brass band to help him escort the candle from the factory to a church where he lighted it in thanksgiving.

Antonio Ajello, who was transplanted from Sorrento, Italy, the family seat, to New York, once made candles in the shape of snakes for Pavlova to symbolize her Dance of the Fly. When Antonio died, at the age of 78, hundreds of tapers with his secret ingredients exuded the odor of orange blossoms at his funeral.

The recent order for the coronation still finds an Ajello making candles fit for a queen. The 2,300 tapers for the crowning of Elizabeth will be in graduated sizes from 12 inches to six feet, all of the same design.

The base of each will be a wax model of the scarlet and gold crown of the ruling House of Windsor. From the center of the crown's surmounting cross leaps a Florentine taper, hand-dipped in virginal beeswax, its shaft fingermolded and then sprayed with 22 carat gold dust until the tallow resembles beaten precious metal. Prototype

specimens will be flame-tested for dripless, smokeless burning and the gold formula will be proved in advance against green tarnish by long exposure to daylight. Four hundred individual dippings in wax at controlled temperature will be required in the making of each of the half dozen six-foot candles.

This order, a normal thing in the days of Antonio Ajello, is rare in the modern annals of the firm. The Ajellos have changed with the world. Using modern methods as well as the ancient hand dipping, and working with specialized machinery under fluorescent lights, 50 Ajello craftsmen turn out millions of candles annually.

In the slack of summer they make bayberry tapers for the Christmas season. Fat twists in red and green go out to South America for native festivals, and tourists from the United States coming on them there find them quaint.

The company has built much of its trade in the past 15 years on specialties. One is a pure white candle that drips profusely in red, green and yellow, and is designed to give a romantic touch to old wine bottles.

The dripping candle was the offspring of an order to promote a Heart Fund drive. It was designed to drip red from a white core. Ajello made a wick of lead to repel rather than consume the wax. The lead was wrapped with cotton, which in turn was painted with strong dyes to stain the wax as it melted.

Another Ajello item is one that salvages scrap wax from the factory floors and vats and turns it to good use. The scraps are melted, then poured into a cardboard cartridge lined with metal foil. A wick ignites the device, and the wax burns fiercely for hours. It produces a flare, widely used for a warning or signal light, for heating combat rations or, in a citronella mixture, as a repellent for driving off insects.

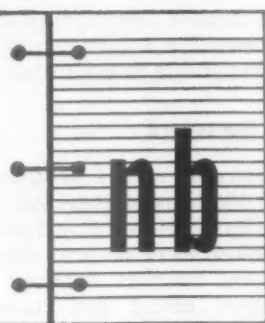
Many railway mail cars carry Ajello candles for emergency lighting, and hospitals stock hundreds of them. Custom-made ones still will be supplied, at a price—anything from a ceremonial candle to a timing device for an auction sale or a lottery.

But Ralph Ajello, the present head of the firm, is always alert for new uses for candlelight. The Ajellos adhere to the slogan on the Mamaroneck factory wall, attributed to Confucius:

"It is better to light a single candle than to curse the darkness."

—FENDALL W. YERXA





# notebook

## State tax take-up

CAMPAIGN oratory about federal taxes and what to do about them undoubtedly obscured the fact that state tax collections hit another all-time high for fiscal 1952. The total, \$9,800,000,000, was ten per cent above 1951.

The figures, collected by Commerce Clearing House, showed that citizens of Louisiana and Washington paid the highest per capita tax, \$103, while New Jersey citizens paid the lowest, \$36.

In two states, California and New York, total collections exceeded \$1,000,000,000.

Only two states reported lower collections. In Delaware, expiration of a temporary personal income tax law resulted in a 15.5 per cent drop in collections, while completion of a veterans' bonus financing program permitted a 7.3 per cent drop in South Dakota.

## Corporate heart and soul

ACCORDING to legal definition, a corporation has no soul. According to its detractors it is equally without a heart—a point of view that the General Aniline & Film Corporation did much to disprove recently when the employees of its Rensselaer Plant walked out.

The strike period included the dates when group life insurance, Blue Cross, Blue Shield and hospitalization insurance would expire. If employees had overlooked this, the company hadn't.

"We know," it said in posters addressed to the workers, "that group life insurance and hospitalization benefits are important to you and to your family. The company will be glad to do its part toward preventing lapses and continuing your coverage. . . ."

So, at desks outside the plant's main entrance, supervisors went on duty to answer questions and to arrange continuation of benefits. Handling of group life insurance is an example of the technique:

"The company," the poster explained, "will pay its own share of the cost and advance the premium

of the employee to keep his insurance in force. Deductions will be made from future pay checks for the employee portion of the payment . . . if you will give us your written or personal authorization."

## The right to work

THE RECENT nationwide disputes over the union shop in steel and other industries inspired the Missouri State Chamber of Commerce to find out how so-called "right-to-work" laws were operating in states which have such legislation.

Results of the investigation, summed up in a recently issued *Research Report*, show that 13 states have such laws, they seem to be working well, and that the Supreme Court has held them to be constitutional on about every count on which they might be challenged.

Briefly, the one major provision in all "right-to-work" legislation is that no person shall be denied employment because of nonmembership in a labor union or organization. The purpose, of course, is to curb union power over individuals. In theory, at least, such laws would prevent strikes from becoming nationwide.

The states which now have such laws include: Arizona, Arkansas, Florida, Nebraska and South Dakota—where the "right-to-work" provision is a part of the state constitution, and Georgia, Iowa, Nevada, North Carolina, North Dakota, Tennessee, Texas and Virginia—where the right is guaranteed by statute.

## Budgetary best-seller

WASHINGTON State has just demonstrated that a book can become a best-seller without a bosomy gal on the dust jacket or a sprinkling of four-letter words—even in spite of reviews which tell the reader that the work is "a unique and important contribution in the field of fiscal reporting." This language may be inviting to pedants and statisticians but fairly grim for the average reader.

But average readers are seizing

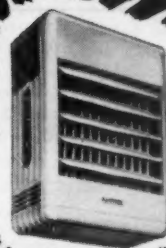
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Washington's "Your Dollar's Worth of State Government" eagerly. In it they find in 96 understandable pages the facts that were incomprehensible in the six-and-one-half pound state budget.

The new book, prepared to meet the citizens' demand for an understandable report on state finances, does just that. Using a new approach to a stubborn subject, it details expenditures, not by departments or funds or complex accounting methods but by functions. By-passing multidigit figures, it relates all taxes and expenditures to the aggregate income of the people and expresses the amounts in per cent of the citizen's income dollar.

Reprinted in newspapers, broadcast on the radio and distributed by request to civic groups, the book is teaching citizens what they get from their investment in schools, highways, hospitals; how these dividends compare with previous years and with other western states.

### Numerical progression

OBSERVING that "a billion" which used to be an awful lot has become the subject of casual financial conversation, the Barnes, Gibson, Raymond division of Associated Spring Corporation has been looking ahead to the obvious next step in numerical progression.

Against the day when a billion becomes petty cash, the company has compiled an interesting dictionary of statistical nomenclature.

A million, of course, is the figure

one, followed by six ciphers and a billion, as everyone knows, is one followed by nine. One and 12 ciphers read one trillion. Taking it from there, adding three ciphers per jump, the company offers: quadrillion, quintillion, sextillion, septillion, octillion, nonillion, decillion, undecillion, duodecillion, tredecillion, quattuordecillion, quindecillion, sexdecillion, septendecillion, octodecillion, novemdecillion, vigintillion.

Finally there is centillion which is one followed by 303 ciphers. The company feels this should do for the present. If not, there is a thing called a googol which is ten followed by 99 ciphers.

Mathematicians actually find occasions to use these numbers although they would usually write centillion as  $10^{303}$ . One hopes that financiers will not need them.

### Lost, one zero

BEFORE leaving the subject of figures, we might as well admit that such monsters as trillions or quintillions may not only exceed our ability to comprehend but even our ability to write. We are still having trouble in the lower brackets.

In October, for instance, we permitted Stanley Frank to say that the railroads now had 22,000 diesel locomotives which cost \$250,000,000. That train of figures should have been pulling a caboose in the form of another zero. The cost was actually \$2,500,000,000.

It includes cost of more than 6,800 units bought in the past two

years—largest addition to locomotive power the American railroads have ever made in a similar period.

### Behind the record

THIS country's 1951 production of 105,000,000 tons of steel got the acclaim that a new record deserves. Overlooked were several other supplemental records without which that steel could not have been made. The U. S. Chamber's Natural Resources Department has gathered them into an impressive list.

Making 105,000,000 tons of steel required:

- 130,000,000 tons of iron ore.
- 100,000,000 tons of coal.
- 68,000,000 tons of coke.
- 36,000,000 tons of limestone.
- 58,000,000 tons of scrap.
- 2,500,000,000 gallons of fuel oil.
- 284,000,000 gallons of tar and pitch.

- 207,000,000,000 cubic feet of natural gas.

- 27,611,000,000 kilowatt hours of electric power.

### Taxes and toil

REYNOLDS & REYNOLDS Company, Dayton, Ohio, printing and lithographing firm, recently distributed a series of mimeographed letters in which it discussed social problems with its employees.

The first letter, among other things, offered some good-humored history:

In 1748 when George Washington was 16 years old, a feudal system existed in Prussia. The lord was the government and the serf paid his taxes by toil for his lord.

In that year, a decree was issued in Prussia that henceforth the serf need work for his lord only four days a week; the other two days he was free to work for himself, around his little hovel with his pigs and chickens and on whatever else he was permitted to call his own. That decree was called an Emancipation Proclamation. But the serf still had to work for his lord four days out of six, or 66 per cent of the time.

It must be perfectly obvious that today any person or corporation which pays 66 per cent or more taxes to the Government is in exactly the same situation as the emancipated feudal serf in Prussia 204 years ago. Some people call this progress.

### City moonshiners

HIGH liquor taxes—now \$10.50 a proof gallon—are changing our American folklore, not necessarily for the better: Moonshining, traditionally a backwoods enterprise locally operated for local consumption, has moved to the city.

As a result, illicit stills are now





part of the agenda of state and local officers as well as the historical "revenooers," and the moonshiner is a counterpart of the gangster of prohibition days rather than the squirrel-rifled woodsman of the past.

Last year law enforcement officers of all sorts seized 20,402 stills. This year's haul is expected to be larger. It will include a 4,000 gallon-a-day giant recently seized in Philadelphia.

Illicit stills have a life expectancy of about 37 days, according to the Government's Alcohol and Tobacco Tax Division. Thomas J. Donovan, vice president of the Licensed Beverage Industries, has computed that, if the Philadelphia monster operated that long, it cost the federal Government \$1,554,000 in taxes and the state treasury additional taxes. The fact that the plant cost somewhere between \$25,000 and \$50,000 implies that it was not set up as the whim of practical jokers.



STATEMENT REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946, (TITLE 39, UNITED STATES CODE, SECTION 233) SHOWING THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION OF NATION'S BUSINESS, published monthly at Greenwich, Connecticut, and Washington, D. C., for October 1, 1952.

1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, Chamber of Commerce of the U. S. of America, Washington, D. C.; Editor, Lawrence F. Hurley, Washington, D. C.; Managing Editor, Alden H. Sypher, Washington, D. C.; Business Manager, John F. Kelley, Washington, D. C.

2. The owner is: Chamber of Commerce of the United States of America, said body being an incorporated organization under the laws of the District of Columbia, its activities being governed by a Board of Directors. The officers are as follows: President: Laurence F. Lee, President, Peninsular Life Insurance Company, Jacksonville, Fla. Chairman of the Board: Dechard A. Huley, President, Lone Star Gas Company, Dallas, Tex. Chairman of the Executive Committee: Otto A. Seyferth, President, West Michigan Steel Foundry Company, Muskegon, Mich. Treasurer: Ellsworth C. Alvord, Alvord & Alvord, Washington, D. C. Executive Vice President: Arch N. Booth, Chamber of Commerce, U.S.A., Washington, D. C. Vice Presidents: Harry A. Bullis, Chairman of the Board, General Mills, Inc., Minneapolis, Minn.; Powell C. Groner, President, Kansas City Public Service Company, Kansas City, Mo.; Russell C. Harrington, Resident Partner, Ernst and Ernst, Providence, R. I.; Carl N. Jacobs, President, Hardware Mutual Casualty Company, Stevens Point, Wis.; Clem D. Johnston, President, Roanoke Public Warehouse, Roanoke, Va.; Harlan I. Peyton, President, Peyton Investment Company, Spokane, Wash.

3. The known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting; also the statements in the two paragraphs show the affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner.

JOHN F. KELLEY

Signature of Business Manager

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 29th day of September, 1952.

(SEAL)

WILLIAM A. CREVELING

(My commission expires Nov. 14, 1953)

## Pete Progress and a visit from Santa Claus

"Gimme more fancy paper," said Pete Progress, "I still got a load of stuff to wrap."

"If I'm not too nosey," said a nosey stranger, "what are you doing anyhow?"

"Well, sir," said Pete, "It's this way. Every Christmas the Chamber of Commerce sponsors a big Santa Claus party for the poor kids. I'm wrapping presents."

"It's little enough," said the nosey stranger.

"Oh, we do lots more," said Pete, "We decorate Main Street, have a contest for home holiday decorations, and..."

"Just as I figured," said the nosey

stranger, "Do a lot at Christmas and knock off the rest of the year, hey?"

"Not on your tintype," said Pete. "Darn near every day is Christmas around the Chamber. Working for better schools, parks, community affairs and goodness knows what else."

"That's the spirit," said the nosey stranger. "Can't tell you how it gladdens my old heart."

"Who are you, anyhow?" asked Pete.

"Don't blame you for not recognizing me without my whiskers and red suit," said the nosey stranger. "Wish I was around all year, I'd sure join your outfit."

**Your chamber of commerce is working for you. Why don't you help them?**





## MAN FROM MY TOWN

**A** CHARMING Belgian woman, newly arrived in this country and exposed to the American political vernacular was embarrassed by her unexpected lack of proficiency in English.

"Thees word 'Wheestlestop,'" she said, "I do not know. And you use it with much frequency. Is it then an important word?"

The reply—that "Whistlestop," borrowed from the railroad idiom, was only temporarily in the public domain and would return to mothballs once the politicians quit flea-hopping the country making spot announcements—increased her bewilderment.

"It to me appears important that these wheestlestops should be informed always about many things. Are candidates smarter than people?"

Although the lady may lack assurance in English, her observation is wise in any language. The areas for which "Whistlestop" was temporarily a handy word have the final say in business as well as in politics.

It is, of course, impractical to load an insurance company, a steel mill or an automobile plant on a special train and let it smile at the populace from the rear deck of a Pullman, but there are other techniques which, though less spectacular, are considerably more lasting.

And in a field where daily sales slips register the popular vote, lasting impressions are necessary. A good product will win some votes on its own, but true success must recognize an attitude that Jim Jeffries summed up in discussing his lost heavyweight championship:

"I'm glad an American won it," he said. "I wish he had been a man of my race—but I also wish he

had been from my state, or my town, or even a kid who lived on my street."

Many businesses are finding that, though their headquarters may be in Bridgeport, or Chicago or New York, they, too, can share in this loyalty for the "man from my town or the kid on my street."

General Motors shares it when its small town representative provides a pick-up truck for use of the local chapter of Future Farmers of America. S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc., shares it when workers in its branch plants observe the home office admonition to "participate actively in civic activities and professional trade activities related to their fields of work." Caterpillar Tractor shares it when its local representative works for a local Community Chest. U. S. Steel becomes "a man from my town" when its local representative serves on the board of his local chamber of commerce.

And another company lost it when it told the chamber's membership committee of an Illinois town, "We bring a large payroll to this area every week. We think we are doing our part."

Fortunately that attitude is not general. More and more national companies are learning that participation in the affairs of communities where they have branches brings not only benefits but satisfactions. Several companies, as well as the U. S. Chamber of Commerce, have published manuals for the guidance of local officers who want to become "the man from my town." The Chamber's book, *Community Citizenship Policies*, will be sent free to all who ask for it. International Harvester, with branches in some 200 communities, sums up its local responsibilities in four points:

1. We have to earn a profit because a dying business cannot do anything for anyone.
2. We have a responsibility to grow so that we may create more jobs and help the community to grow.
3. We must be part, not merely of a community's business life, but other aspects of its life as well.
4. We must inform the community of our activities because what we do may have important effects on the community from the standpoint of business, government, schools and other groups.

So, although our Belgian visitor may have no practical reason to keep "Whistlestop" in her vocabulary now that the election is over, she might well add such phrases as "Community Citizenship Policies," "Public Relations," "Public Responsibilities," "How to Make Friends." Those are some of the names that progressive companies give to their efforts toward better citizenship.

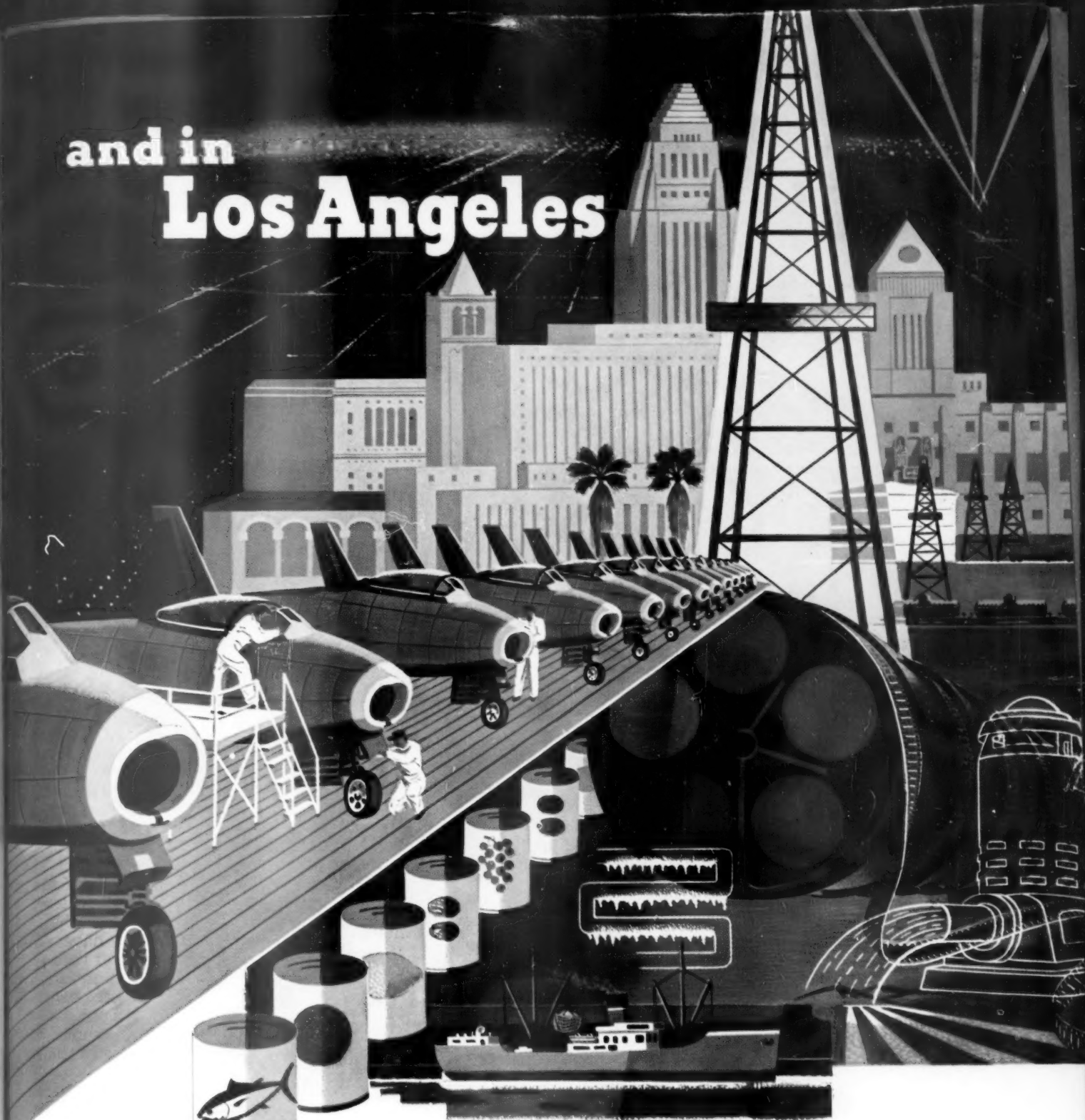
Plenty of evidence is available to show that these efforts are appreciated; as witness the closing paragraphs of a recent editorial in the Harrisburg, Pa., *Evening News*:

"Calling the roll of large industries now a part of the Harrisburg scene would be like reading America's industrial blue book, and the men who have come here as executives of these plants have cooperated enthusiastically with local merchants in promoting the city through the Chamber of Commerce...."

"Joining with, supporting and promoting local organizations seeking to solve local problems, the leaders in nationwide industries are furthering the self-governing American system that has made their own growth possible."



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*A. V. Miller*

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New York Herald Tribune



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